HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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NOW LET MAYOR HEWITT PROVE THE POWER OF MAN OVER BEAST.

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for November 9, which is the second in the new volume, contains a variety of interesting matter, including the twelfth chapter of the serial for boys entitled "The Flamingo Feather," and the second part of MRS. LILLIE'S "*Hazel.*"

MR. FRENCH *contributes a fine engraving of a little negro boy's head, with a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *and* MR. PERCIVAL DE LUCK *has a picture entitled*

"THE KNITTING LESSON."

It is engraved by F. JUENGLING.

Other notable articles are "Bulbs for Window Gardening," by JOHN HABBERTON; "*Training a Dog,*" *by* ALLAN FORMAN; *and "Pictures on the Slate," a humorous poem by* EDGAR FAWCETT.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER ENFORCED.

THE suspension of District Attorneys STONE, of Pennsylvania, and BENTON, of Missouri, for disregarding the President's order against the active partisanship of office-holders, is, we believe, without precedent. Mr. BENTON is a Democrat, and the Democratic *Missouri Republican* bursts into an amusing outcry upon the occasion. "This act," it says, "will be approved by the nondescripts of the upper air and solar walk who are best known and most abominated as the Mugwumps of politics, but we feel certain that the President will listen in vain for the applause of the masses of the American people." It remarks further:

> "No Missouri Democrat, we venture to say, will think of the removal except as hasty and ill-advised, unjust to Colonel BENTON and doubly unjust to the Democratic party. In making speeches Colonel BENTON but complied with the wishes of his party and with the request of the two Senators from Missouri—men who, in the qualities that go to make the Democrat and the patriot, rank not one whit below Mr. CLEVELAND."

Only by immediately reinstating Mr. BENTON can the President, according to the *Missouri Republican*, "undo the wrong he has done to Democracy." But it exhorts Democrats not to let the party suffer because of such things, because "Democracy is something infinitely above the actions or the policy of any one man, even though he has been put into the Presidential chair by Democratic votes." A telegram to the New York *World* also says that Senator VEST, of Missouri, intends to go to Washington, and "have a knock-down-and-drag-out fight with CLEVELAND the very day that he arrives." Senator VEST has since been at the pains of denying this statement, but the correspondent was obviously of the opinion that the President is already terribly frightened, and that the moment he sees the Senator unlimbering his guns he will gasp out a restoration of Mr. Attorney BENTON.

Does the *Missouri Republican* and this fierce fellow of a correspondent suppose that the President, having issued a direction to his subordinate officers, will see it contemned and violated without a single word of disapproval or the slightest effort to enforce his authority? The Democratic party of Missouri would undoubtedly gladly see the President himself violate every reform principle that he is known to hold, and prostitute his whole official term to a long canvass for the benefit of his party. But it was precisely because it was believed that he was not the kind of man to do this that he was elected, and the wrath of the *Missouri Republican* and other party organs of its kind is the conclusive proof that the belief was well founded. The Democratic party, to which the *Republican* demands the subservience of the President, could not have elected him, and upon a platform of hostility or indifference to the principles that he holds, and which the *Republican* assumes that the party disclaims, the Democratic party could not elect his successor. The election of Mr. CLEVELAND was not a verdict for the Democratic party; and the more distinctly the tone of the *Missouri Republican* becomes the tone of its party, the more certain is its defeat at the next election. The catastrophes which the advocates of Mr. BLAINE prophesied as the certain consequence of Mr. CLEVELAND'S election have not indeed taken place. But in the estimate of the political situation the most important fact is Mr. CLEVELAND'S own personality. His character, his convictions, and his courage the Democratic party may well regard as providential for its interests. Democrats are fond of praising Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. TILDEN as great Democratic leaders. But for the success of the party, which is the practical measure of leadership, Mr. CLEVELAND is infinitely their superior. He did what they could never do. By his own personality he won the confidence of the country, and so did what no other Democrat could have done, in bringing his party into administration.

Just in the degree that the course of the party shows that the President is not its representative, is the doom of the party sealed. It is very easy to say that a party is greater than any man in it. But the Republican party was defeated because it made Mr. BLAINE its candidate, and the Democratic party succeeded because its candidate was Mr. CLEVELAND. No man in the Democratic party could possibly take the place of Mr. CLEVELAND as the representative of a better party spirit and purpose. His hold upon the country has been weakened only by the occasional departures of his administration from his own principles. He has suspended Messrs. BENTON in Missouri and STONE in Pennsylvania and Marshal HILL in North Carolina, and he advised Mr. TAYLOR, Pension Agent in Tennessee, not to attend the Convention which was to nominate him for Governor. There are plenty of other instances of the deliberate violation of the Executive order in regard to interference in party action which deserve no less summary attention. But the President cannot act upon rumors and allegations in party newspapers. He must have evidence, and citizens in every community, Republicans or Democrats, who can verify the necessary facts, should lay them before him in clear and authentic form. Reform of the great abuse of office-holding interference in elections can be accomplished only by the cordial co-operation of good citizens everywhere with the Executive.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE results of the autumn elections were significant of the present uncertain political situation. The Democratic majority in Congress has been notably reduced, though undeniably the popular confidence in the President has greatly increased. In Pennsylvania and Ohio the Republicans were successful. In Massachusetts the Republican majority was almost lost. In the city of New York Mr. HEWITT was chosen Mayor, and in Brooklyn the gambling and liquor saloons were successful in the election of District Attorney. The reduced Democratic majority in Congress is due in great part, probably, to Democratic, but not general, disaffection with the Administration, and in large part also to local and personal reasons. The course of the Democratic party in Congress has not been such as to win confidence or support, and the party opposition to the President has not tended to remove the old distrust of the party. That confidence is not likely to be fostered by the fact that every strong Democratic supporter of the President's policy of reform has been defeated, either in the nominating convention or at the polls. In New York, however, where the HILL interest was supposed to be really unfriendly to Judge PECKHAM, a warm friend of the President, he has been elected to the Court of Appeals.

In Massachusetts the result shows how seriously the Republican management has alienated the old Republican voters. The identification of Republicanism with the support of Mr. BLAINE has greatly demoralized the party, while the Democratic nomination of Mr. ANDREW and of several excellent candidates for Congress has shown a change in the control and impulse of the Democratic party which has been of the utmost service to it. It is very significant that in Massachusetts the faces of the young Democrats, to use Senator HOAR'S phrase, are turned toward the morning, while those of the young Republicans are not. As the Irish Catholic vote in New York was largely cast for Mr. BLAINE in 1884, so in Massachusetts the BUTLER vote was thrown for Mr. AMES as against Mr. ANDREW. It is not an exchange which will benefit the Republican party, and a party management which solicits that vote, and presents candidates like Mr. AMES as the reply to warnings and protests, is a management which will destroy the party. No original Massachusetts Republican can feel proud or hopeful over the situation in the State.

No contest was more interesting than that for the Mayoralty of New York. The misfortune, under the actual circumstances, of a Republican nomination was proved by the result. Mr. GEORGE'S vote was much larger than had been anticipated. It was nearly 70,000, and it may be assumed that the vote and the canvass will lead to the general organization of a labor party. Should that prove to be the result, and should such a party appear, we trust that it will put forth a definite platform, so that its policy and practical measures may be generally comprehended. The large "labor" vote in New York has undoubtedly introduced a new force into our politics, of which the managers of both parties will take account. Mr. HEWITT will be the most admirably equipped Mayor that New York has had for a long time. The attempt to represent him as a tool and figure-head of Tammany was utterly abortive. His position was plainly stated in his letter to Mr. SCHURZ: "I have made no other pledge, and shall make no other, as to the administration of the office, except that I will discharge its duties to the best of my ability, without fear or favor, and in the interests of the whole people, and not for the benefit of any political party. I do not know how to make this declaration any stronger, but I would do so if I could." These are the words of a man who thoroughly understands the character of the Mayor's office, and whose character is the guarantee that they truly describe the principle which will control his administration.

CLASS POLITICS.

IN a late address upon representation and classes, Mr. FELIX ADLER, who has great practical knowledge of the poor, and has thought deeply upon social and political subjects, said truly that our representative system was originally designed to represent every interest in the community, but that it had now come to represent, not all classes alike, but chiefly the favored and strong classes. This is largely true, although the political platforms and speeches profess the deepest interest in the poorer and less favored class. Mr. ADLER declared his faith in class politics, but, according to the report, he said that they should not recruit their strength from one class. This was well said, because the valid objection to what is called class politics is that they are an effort to array what are called the poor against the rich. We say what are called poor and rich, because there is no standard to determine such a classification; and the force of the objection lies in the fact that such class politics are necessarily politics of mere prejudice, jealousy, and hatred, from which no good result can spring.

What is wanted in legislatures is not representatives of classes merely, who, from the nature of the case, will be always suspicious of each other, but honest, intelligent, conscientious, and experienced men, who will act fairly, not for classes, but for the community. The root of legislative trouble now is corruption. Some of the classes—that is to say, certain interests—are able to bribe and buy legislators, and they do not hesitate to do it. A mere class representative of poorer people, therefore, would be of no avail if he were bribed. But if he were not bribable, the fact that he was himself a poor man would not of itself make him a good legislator for the poor. That would depend upon quite other considerations than his poverty. The laws that ameliorate the hardships of classes in the community have been the work, not of special class representatives, but of humane, widely informed, and sagacious men who have had a statesman-like appreciation of the real forces of human society, a statesman-like ability in advocating changes, and a statesman-like courage of their convictions. They have been men of profound sympathy with all classes, who are not to be bought nor frightened, and who are not fooled with mere theories.

This is the kind of representation that we want, and this is doubtless the kind that Mr. ADLER has in mind. But it cannot be obtained mechanically. It will come only by sincere and courageous, not partisan and perfunctory, discussion; by severe laws against bribery at elections rigorously enforced; and by the courageous independence of voters at the polls. All this implies a high public spirit, indeed, but that is the cardinal condition of the reform. Reform of our poor political condition begins, like charity, at home. Until the individual voter has pluck enough not to vote for an unfit candidate merely because he is nominated by a party, the party machines will select candidates, not because they are fit, but because they are unfit. Any scheme of politics which assumes that a man is a good man because he is very poor, or a bad man because he is very rich, may lead to disorder, but it will not alleviate suffering nor remedy wrong.

REFORM PROSPECTS.

THE *Civil Service Record* for November, published in Boston, continues its very interesting details of changes in the service under this administration. This month's account is of the Interior Department, and the general summary is significant. There are 377 Presidential offices included in the department, and of these there have been 268 changes, or 71 per cent. The actual removals are 88, or 23 per cent.; the resignations 109, or 29 per cent.; the deaths 2, or $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1 per cent. Of the four-year places, those dropped at the end of their term are 65, or 20 per cent. Only 3 Indian Agents were reappointed, or $\frac{9}{10}$ of 1 per cent. Of Pension Agents, 14 out of 18, or 72 per cent., have been changed; of Surveyors-General, 15 out of 17, or 88 per cent.; of Registers of Land-offices, 68 out of 104, or 65 per cent.; of Receivers of Public Money, 76 out of 104, or 73 per cent.; Indian Inspectors, 4 out of 5, or 80 per cent.

These are very suggestive figures. They are the changes in this department of the service within the first year and eight months of the administration. In Indiana the report of Mr. SWIFT shows that almost a clean sweep of the service has been made, and it is not surprising that upon such a showing Senator VOORHEES, of that State, an enemy of reform, is satisfied with the situation there. When Mr. BUTTERWORTH, of Ohio, in 1882, made a statement in the House in regard to appointments and removals under one Republican administration succeeding another, his figures showed that of 825 Republican officers whose terms had expired the President had reappointed only rather more than half—428 out of 825. Upon that statement we said that, from the point of

view of reform, either about one-half of the number were unfit for their places, and should have been removed without awaiting the end of their terms, or, being fit for their places, about one-half had been practically removed, not because they were unfit, but for some other reason. That was a change in the service without a party change of administration, and it showed utter disregard of sound principles. In the case of the present party change of administration it has been urged that a party change in offices, upon the expiry of the term, enough to equalize the service between the parties, would not be, under all the circumstances, unwise. This was urged, of course, as a matter of policy, not of principle, to which such a course is radically opposed, because it introduces the party qualification.

If this has been the policy of the Administration, its object has now been attained in the service at large, while in some States the old spoils system has practically prevailed. This is the conclusion of the *Record*, and it is perfectly sound. If a clean sweep be made, it makes no difference, as to the result, whether it is made in the course of a year or of four years. The result would be that the fundamental principles of reform would be violated, and the succeeding Administration would pursue the same course. If the Administration, having established what JEFFERSON called an "equilibrium of offices," should henceforth decline to make any change except for satisfactory cause, which could be announced, reappointing the officers of a four years' term whose service had been efficient and satisfactory, it would establish a condition of the civil service which would be its strongest claim upon the approval of all good citizens of all parties. The party advantage would be obvious. But it is not for that reason that it would be satisfactory to the country. It would satisfy the country because it would be the establishment of the reformed system, which no party would dare openly to attempt to overthrow, except upon a distinct and successful appeal to the voters in favor of the spoils system.

THE LAST RAILROAD CATASTROPHE.

EVERY horrible catastrophe like that upon the Chicago and St. Paul Railroad a few days since produces a general outcry against negligence and a general demand for greater security—and "there an end." After the shocking disaster at Spuyten Duyvel, upon the Hudson River road, a few years since, there was a prolonged discussion. But the trains upon that road run probably with no greater security than before against such a fearful event. The loss of life in all railroad accidents within the last few years has been due chiefly to fire. The car is thrown off, and immediately takes fire from the stove, and the victims, held fast by the broken timbers, are burned to death. In all the annals of such terrible tragedies nothing is more pitiful than the incident mentioned by Bishop WHIPPLE, in his account of the recent accident, of a woman caught inextricably in the burning car, who passed her two children out of the window to the hands of others, gave her name and residence, and was immediately lost in the flame and smoke.

Can nothing be done when we read such tales but abandon ourselves to groaning and denouncing some body or thing? Is the evil beyond remedy? Why should not the State of New York forbid placing stoves of any kind in cars, and require an ample supply of axes and of every tool that may be of use in a dire emergency? And why should not the Railroad Commissioners be required to see that such laws were observed? Certain accidents from unknown flaws, from incalculable chances, are unavoidable. But the number can be greatly diminished. There is a way also in which every man can co-operate in the good work, and that is by writing to the newspapers whenever a neglect of any prescribed precaution is observed. The requirements of law should be posted in every car, and every passenger could thus be made an agent of its enforcement. The difference between Englishmen and Americans in this matter is remarkable. If an Englishman is incommoded in a public conveyance, his first impulse is to thunder his complaint to the newspaper. The American contents himself with grumbling.

It will be interesting to see whether the late calamity will pass without any other result than a general cry of horror. The conductor who is supposed to be responsible for throwing the train off is said to be insane. Against him there can be no action. When a car is shattered, passengers will be often caught inextricably among the timbers. But the horror and the awful death in this case were due to the fire, and the fire can be made impossible. Since cars can be heated by steam from the engine, there is no excuse for stoves, and they should be no longer tolerated. The public sense of security in travelling by rail would be immensely increased by the knowledge that there were no stoves in the cars, and that the peril of fire in case of accident had disappeared. It is this, more than the possible destruction of the car, which makes the real apprehension of railroad travel in winter, and it will be remarkable if no legislative action is proposed upon the subject.

ENGLAND AND THE GREAT STATUE.

THE telegram from France that England is "furious over the international episode" of the great statue has an air of the Boulevard. The incident of the statue is not one to excite English wrath. It is a statue of Liberty, and England is the great pioneer of liberty in modern history. American liberty is the child of English freedom, the freedom which

"broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

The feeling from which the French alliance sprang was part of that vague enthusiasm for liberty of which ROUSSEAU was the high-priest, but it was largely mingled with the traditional hatred of England. The French Government would hardly have yielded even to the fiery persuasion of LAFAYETTE if the American revolutionists had not been English colonists whose success would be a terrible blow at British power and prestige.

The French alliance is of the past, and modern England is not likely to fear a predominance of the French genius in the development of American institutions. The picturesque and striking ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue, the eloquence of Senator EVARTS and of Mr. DEPEW, with that of M. DE LESSEPS and M. SPULLER, commemorated an event which will be always interesting to Americans and gratefully remembered by them. But while the French alliance aided the colonists effectively to obtain their independence, it has left no other trace upon our history and development than a friendly sentiment, which, however, did nothing to restrain the readiness for war with France under JOHN ADAMS, nor to moderate the tone of JACKSON's demand for payment of the spoliation claims. But the gift of the statue has very properly stimulated the old sentiment of international friendship, which found ample and most fitting expression upon the occasion of the unveiling.

France, moreover, is now also a republic—a republic, indeed, very different from ours, but for the first time a republic which shows force enough to withstand the onsets of the various kinds of monarchy whose spirit is still active. There is not much general knowledge of French politics among us. The differences between the French Constitution and political system and our own are not very generally familiar. But the fact that one of the greatest and most renowned of European states is a republic is of itself a bond between the two countries, and that it is the state which aided us in the Revolution and sent us LAFAYETTE is enough to appeal to the most generous international emotion. But none the less every intelligent man, English or French or American, knows that our polity is not French, but English, and that American greatness is due to the political principles of those who first chiefly settled the country, and whose language, which is native also to us, is the language of liberty. No sensible Englishman is "furious" over our friendly greeting to our French guests, and our cordial recognition of the great service of France to America in other days, and our hearty sympathy with the spirit which has commemorated it by the statue which is a unique monument of international friendship.

MR. LOWELL AND THE INTERVIEWER.

MR. LOWELL promptly and decisively repudiated the accuracy of Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE's report of a conversation with him, saying that he made no accusation of wilful misrepresentation, but that, after passing through Mr. HAWTHORNE's refracting memory, the remarks attributed to him were much more Mr. HAWTHORNE's than his own. There can be no question of Mr. LOWELL's amazement, and of his absolute unconsciousness that his conversation with Mr. HAWTHORNE was to be reported to the public, because it is simply impossible that he or any other gentleman would have spoken as the report represents him, had he supposed that he was talking for the public.

There has been, however, an effort to make it appear that he must have been aware that he was undergoing an interview. Mr. HAWTHORNE, indeed, does not say this in terms in his report of the conversation, but it is the necessary implication and obvious intention of what he does say. It is evident, from his original report of what occurred at the interview, that he did not relish the task which had been set him, and he was undoubtedly unwilling to say directly that he had come as an interviewer.

That there may be no further speculation or surmise upon the subject, Mr. LOWELL has written a note to the Boston *Herald*, in which he says:

"As I have suffered an irreparable wrong, you will, I am sure, allow me so much of your space (generally much better employed) as will enable me to affirm unequivocally that I not only did not know, but that I never even suspected, JULIAN HAWTHORNE's purpose in visiting me. Indeed, I should have thought I was insulting him by showing any such suspicion. The failure of his attempt on my friend Dr. HOLMES (which he did not mention) perhaps made him more wary in his approaches to me.

"There can be no controversy between him and me, for I shall not allow myself to be entrapped into any, nor do I understand that he controverts my positive statement, for he could not, but only that he endeavors to weaken its force by inference and implication. If he shall assert that he told me for what he came, and that I understood him, I shall feel obliged to leave the matter to those who know us both as a question of veracity between him and me.

"The life of a man into whose private affairs the public assumes the right to look is far from agreeable at the best, but on the terms which Mr. HAWTHORNE seems willing to justify, it would be unendurable. I have now said, I hope, the last word which I shall find it necessary to say about an affair almost as painful to me for Mr. HAWTHORNE's sake as for my own, though he could hardly have chosen a victim who would suffer more keenly.

"I might fairly go further, and repudiate indignantly a report of my conversation which wholly misrepresents me in its more offensive particulars, but I remember Sancho's proverb and desist."

PERSONAL.

VIBERT has tried his practised hand in the old direction by painting a French archbishop of the sixteenth century, who in purple robes, and with varied decorative orders on his breast, admires himself in a mirror, while his house-keeper, just entering the room in order to give him his hat, stands bewildered by the brilliancy of his personal display. The drawing is characteristically accurate, and the prelate exuberantly self-satisfied.

—Mr. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP's literary friends very generally concede that his Magazine article "The Literary Movement in New York" handles with discretion and ability a delicate and—as some writers would say—a dangerous subject, and discusses the respective merits of distinct classes of authors with exceptional impartiality.

—The late Mr. AUGUST BRENTANO's little store on Broadway nearly opposite the New York Hotel was long a popular resort for news-readers and book-lovers, and the active and amiable figure behind its counter became widely known and respected. It was a proud day for Mr. BRENTANO when he was able at length to enter his name as a regular boarder at the hotel in whose vestibule he had been a simple newsboy. Few men in any country ever achieved an honorable competence under such physical disadvantages. He had scarcely the use of his arms, but intelligence and resolution more than met the loss.

—It was noticed the other day in the office of a leading bank near Wall Street that at the window where checks from A to F were certified a long line of customers was waiting, while at the window where checks from G to Z were certified only one customer was waiting.

—Mr. KNOEDLER has imported and sold for $10,000 a war scene by DE NEUVILLE of startling dramatic interest, called "The Flag of Truce." The picture will be remembered by readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, having been published in the number for May 30, 1885, on the occasion of the painter's death. It was the artist's last work, and was intended for the Salon of that year. From a house much battered by cannon-balls a French peasant woman, holding her infant in her arms, and with much difficulty restrained by a strong man, rushes to inflict some token of her anger upon a German officer, who, accompanied by his flag-bearer, and attended by a guard, enters the place blindfolded to arrange conditions of capitulation. The picture is painted in distemper on canvas, which in places shows through the pigments, and which, for greater security, has been stretched over a panel of wood. Its dimensions are about three feet by two. A smaller work in oils by the same artist fetched $4000 more at the MORGAN sale than had been paid for it a few years earlier.

—Mr. D. R. KNIGHT, of Philadelphia, has made himself comfortable for the pursuit of art by renting an old château near MEISSONIER's country-seat at Poissy, France, and stocking it, especially its studio, with old furniture, old masters, bibelots, and tapestries. Certain photographs of the interior of his home sent to friends in this country speak clearly of its pleasantness; and his latest figure-piece, a muscular Breton fisherman walking erect on the coast, is a leading attraction at the Goupil Gallery.

—The destination of MEISSONIER's celebrated oil-painting "1807," an epoch in the life of the first NAPOLEON, for which the late A. T. STEWART paid $60,000, is uncertain. It was concerning this picture that the artist wrote to the merchant: "I have faith in my work. Time will consolidate and strengthen it more and more, and I am also certain that your enlightened love for art will protect it in case there should be need."

—Mr. JOHN G. SHORTALL, who, as president of the Illinois Humane Society, is about as well known in Chicago as is HENRY BERGH in New York, has originated the idea of having musicals given by professionals at the social organizations of which he is a member, and the plan bids fair to become popular. The entertainments are under the direction of the clubs, and any member who feels inclined to give his friends a pleasant evening may do so.

—General LEW WALLACE told a friend in Boston the other day that he had been absolutely driven into the lecture field. For a long time a large part of his correspondence consisted of applications for addresses and lectures, until at last he turned the whole matter over to a bureau, and soon found himself provided with "dates" for engagements from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, and from October until next spring.

—Mr. WILLIAM GERICKE, the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a small man, of Jewish type, with a full beard and thick head of intensely black hair. In private life he is accessible, pleasant, and humorous. His own choice of a character in the Tavern Club's costume ball of last winter was the Bearded Lady.

—Mr. W. E. BARRETT, managing editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, spoke of himself at a recent dinner as the "baby editor." He is only twenty-six years old, and it is but a few months since he was transferred from a Washington correspondent's place to his present position.

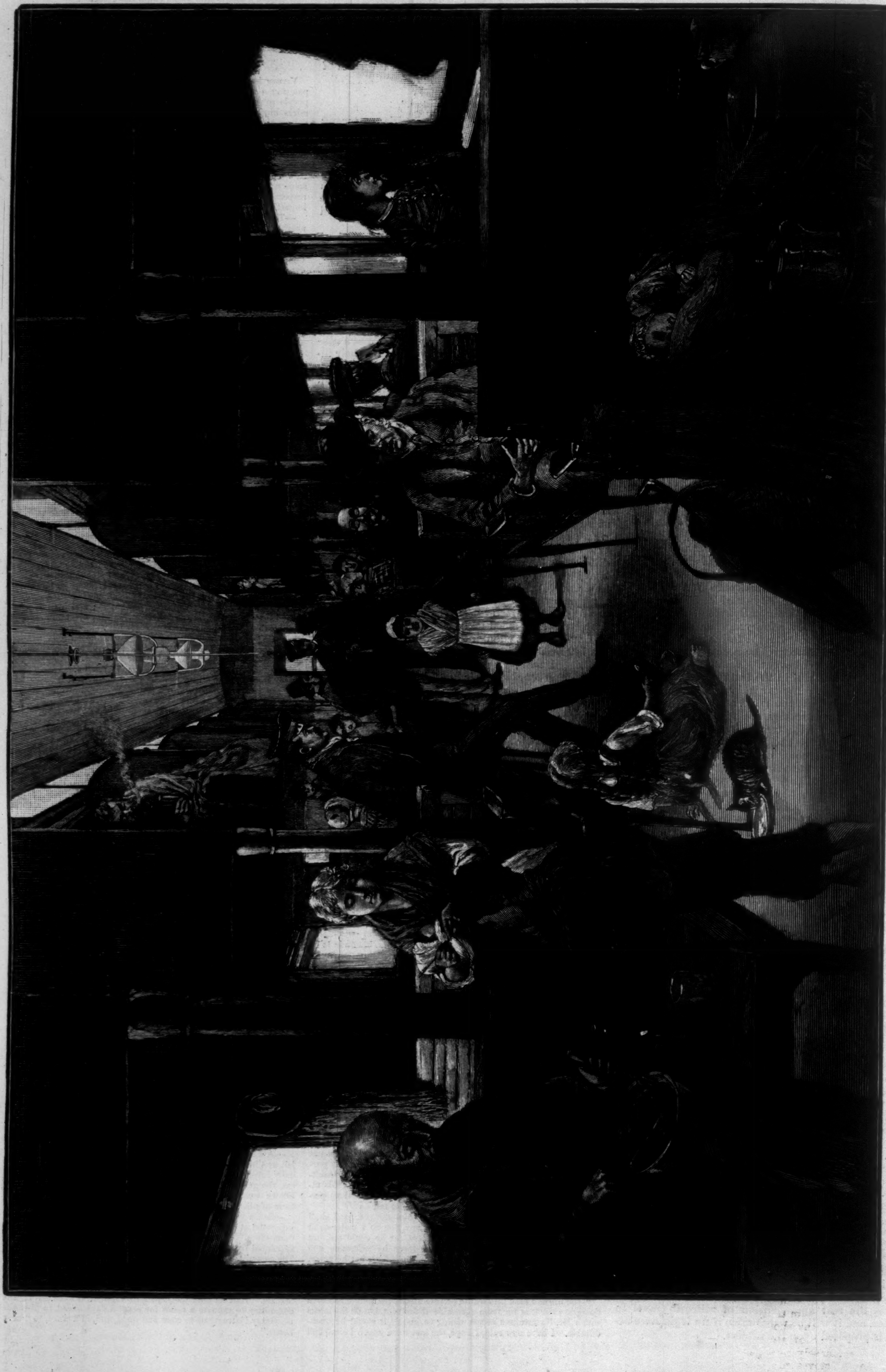
—Mr. WILSON BARRETT says that he does not rate very high his own performance in the sensational drama of *Claudian*; that it is of limited scope and few phases, and deserves a place in the third rank among his impersonations.

—Mr. HENRY H. HOLDEN, a Brooklyn musician, who lately returned from the Royal School at Munich, tells a story of RHEINBERGER, the composer and professor. "Why did you put in this passage?" said he to an ambitious student. "Oh, because I wanted to make the piece interesting," was the reply. "Take it out again," said the master; "I want music to give pleasure, not to be interesting."

—When Mr. WILLIAM WARREN, the veteran comedian, is at the theatre—and he goes very often—he sits motionless in his seat from the rise to the fall of the green curtain, holding his glossy hat upon his knees. His countenance is almost changeless, and he seems abstracted; but he can recount the good points of the play at its end, and no one in an audience is more just or generous in calling an actor before the curtain.

—A curious feature in the life of the seven anarchists now in jail at Chicago under sentence of death is the fact that they are daily furnished by sympathizers with far more food than they can eat, the greater portion of it being brought to the prison by unknown women, whose contributions almost invariably take the form of pie, sausage being the next in favor.

—Seven young men, boarders at a suburban house, became exasperated at the temerity of their landlady, and resolved to board themselves. They rented a cottage in a pleasing neighborhood, and appointed from their number a committee of two to keep house. The committee hired a competent cook and chamber-maid, and proceeded to run things on a strictly business basis. The entire cost has been seven dollars a week a head, and all the groceries come from the best city grocer, and all the meats from Washington Market. Half an hour daily, just after dinner, is sufficient for the committee to prepare a *menu* for several days ahead, to give the necessary instructions to cook and maid, and, in a word, to "keep house."



THE MODERN SHIP OF THE PLAINS.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 735.]

"THE CURTAIN WAS DRAWN, AND A TALL FIGURE STOOD BEFORE US."

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," etc.

XII.

"SHE."

The first care of Job and myself, after seeing to Leo, was to wash ourselves and put on clean clothing, for what we were wearing had not been changed since the loss of the dhow. Fortunately, as I think that I have said, by far the greater part of our personal baggage had already been packed into the whale-boat, and was therefore saved—and brought hither by the bearers—although all the stores laid in by us for barter and presents to the natives were lost. Nearly all our clothing was made of a well-shrunk and very strong gray flannel, and excellent I found it for travelling in these places, because though a Norfolk jacket, shirt, and pair of trousers of it only weighed about four pounds—a great consideration in a tropical country, where every extra ounce tells on the wearer—it was warm, and offered a good resistance to the rays of the sun, and best of all to chills, which are so apt to result from sudden changes of temperature.

Never shall I forget the comfort of the "wash and brush up," and of those clean flannels. The only thing that was wanting to complete my joy was a cake of soap, of which we had none.

Afterward I discovered that the Amahagger, who do not reckon dirt among their many disagreeable qualities, use a kind of burnt earth for washing purposes, which, though unpleasant to the touch till one gets accustomed to it, forms a very fair substitute for soap.

By the time that I was dressed, and had combed and trimmed my black beard, the previous condition of which was certainly sufficiently unkempt to give weight to Billali's appellation for me, the Baboon, I began to feel most uncommonly hungry. Therefore I was by no means sorry when, without the slightest preparatory sound or warning, the curtain over the entrance to my cave was flung aside, and another mute, a young girl this time, announced to me by signs that I could not misunderstand—that is, by opening her mouth and pointing down it—that there was something ready to eat. Accordingly I followed her into the next chamber, which we had not yet entered, where I found Job, who had also, to his great embarrassment, been conducted thither by a fair mute. Job had never got over the advances the former lady had made to him, and suspected every girl who came near to him of similar designs.

"These young parties have a way of looking at one, sir," he would say, apologetically, "which I don't call respectable."

This fresh room was twice the size of the sleeping caves, and I saw at once that it had originally served as a refectory, and also probably as an embalming-room for the Priests of the Dead; for I may as well say at once these hollowed-out caves were nothing more or less than vast catacombs, in which for tens of ages the mortal remains of the great extinct race whose monuments surrounded us had been first preserved, with an art and a completeness that have never since been equalled, and then hidden away for all time. On each side of this rock chamber was a long solid stone table, about three feet wide by three feet six in height, hewn out of the living rock, of which it had formed part, and was still attached to at the base. These tables were slightly hollowed out or curved inward, to give room for the knees of any one sitting on the stone ledge that had been cut for a bench along the side of the cave at a distance of about two feet from them. Each of them was so arranged that it ended right under a shaft pierced in the rock for the admission of light and air. On examining them carefully, however, I saw that there was a difference between them that had at first escaped my attention, viz., that one of the tables—that to the left as we entered the cave—had evidently been used, not to eat on, but for the purpose of embalming bodies. That this was beyond all question the case was clear from five shallow depressions in the stone of the table, all shaped like a human form, with a separate place for the head to lie in, and a little bridge to support the neck, each depression being of a different size, so as to fit bodies varying in stature from a full-grown man's to a small child's, and with little holes bored at intervals to carry off fluid. And indeed, if any further confirmation was required, one had but to look at the wall of the cave above to find it. For there, sculptured all round the apartment, and looking nearly as fresh as the day it was done, was the pictorial representation of the death, embalming, and burial of an old man with a long beard, probably an ancient king or grandee of this country.

The first picture represented his death. He was lying upon a couch which had four short curved posts at the corners, coming to a knob at the end, in appearance something like a written note of music, and was evidently in the very act of expiring. Gathered round the couch were women and children weeping, the former with their hair hanging down their back. The next scene represented the embalming of the body, which lay nude upon a table with depressions in it similar to the one before us; probably, indeed, it was a picture of the same table. Three men were employed at the work—one superintending, one holding a funnel shaped exactly like a port-wine strainer, of which the narrow end was fixed in an incision in the breast, no doubt in the great pectoral artery, while the third, who was represented as standing straddle-legged over the corpse, held a kind of large jug high in his hand, and poured from it some steaming fluid, which fell accurately into the funnel.

The third sculpture represented the burial of the deceased. There he was, stiff and cold, clothed in a linen robe, and laid out on a stone slab such as I had slept upon at our first sojourning place. At his head and feet burnt a lamp, and by his side were placed several of the beautiful painted vases that I have described, which were probably supposed to be full of provisions. The little chamber was crowded with mourners, and with musicians playing on a sort of lyre, while near the foot of the corpse stood a man with a sheet, with which he was preparing to cover it from view.

These sculptures, looked at merely as works of art, were so remarkable that I make no apology for describing them rather fully. They struck me also as being of surpassing interest as representing, probably with studious accuracy, the last rites of the dead as practised among an utterly lost people, and even then I thought how envious some antiquarian friends of my own at Cambridge would be if ever I got an opportunity of describing these wonderful remains to them. Probably they would say that I was exaggerating, notwithstanding that every page of this history must bear so much internal evidence of its truth that it would obviously have been quite impossible for me to have invented it.

To return. As soon as I had hastily examined these sculptures, which I think I omitted to mention were executed in relief, we sat down to a very excellent meal of boiled goat's flesh, fresh milk, and cakes made of meal, the whole being served upon clean wooden platters.

When we had eaten we returned to see how poor Leo was getting on, Billali saying that he must now wait upon *She* and hear her commands. On reaching Leo's room we found the poor boy in a very bad way. He had woke up from his torpor, and was altogether off his head, babbling about some boat-race on the Cam, and was inclined to be violent. Indeed, when we entered the room, Ustane was holding him down. I spoke to him, and my voice seemed to soothe him; at any rate he grew much quieter, and was persuaded to swallow a dose of quinine.

I had been sitting with him for an hour, perhaps—at any rate I know that it was getting so dark that I could only just make out his head lying like a gleam of gold upon the pillow we had extemporized out of a bag covered with a blanket—when suddenly Billali arrived with an air of great importance, and informed me that *She* herself had deigned to express a wish to see me—an honor, he added, accorded to but very few. I think that he was a little horrified at my cool way of taking the honor, but the fact was that I did not feel overwhelmed with gratitude at the prospect of seeing some savage dusky queen, however absolute and mysterious she might be, more especially as my mind was full of dear Leo, for whose life I began to have great fears. However, I rose to follow him, and as I did so I caught sight of something bright lying on the floor, which I picked up. Perhaps the reader will remember that with the potsherd in the casket was a composition scarabæus marked with a round O, a large bird, and another curious hieroglyphic, the meaning of which signs is "Suten se Rā," or "Royal Son of the Sun." This scarab, which is a very small one, Leo had insisted upon having set in a massive gold ring, such as is generally used for signets, and it was this very ring that I now picked up. He had pulled it off in the paroxysm of his fever—at least I suppose so—and flung it down upon the rock floor. Thinking that if I left it about it might get lost, I slipped it on my own little finger, and then followed Billali, leaving Job and Ustane with Leo.

We passed down the passage, crossed the great aisle-like

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1554.

cave, and came to the corresponding passage on the other side, at the mouth of which the guards stood like two statues. As we came they bowed their heads in salutation, and then lifting their long spears, placed them transversely across their foreheads, as the leaders of the troop that had met us had done with their ivory wands. We stepped between them, and found ourselves in an exactly similar passage to that which led to our own apartments, only this passage was, comparatively speaking, brilliantly lighted. A few paces down it we were met by four mutes—two men and two women—who bowed low and then arranged themselves, the women in front of and the men behind us, and in this order we continued our procession past several doorways hung with curtains similar to those leading to our own quarters, and which I afterward found opened out into chambers occupied by the mutes who attended on *She*. A few paces more, and we came to another doorway, facing us, and not to our left like the others, which seemed to mark the termination of the passage. Here two more white, or rather yellow, robed guards were standing, and they too bowed, saluted, and let us pass through heavy curtains into a great antechamber, quite forty feet long by as many wide, in which some eight or ten women, most of them young and handsome, with yellowish hair, sat on cushions, working with ivory needles at what had the appearance of being embroidery frames. These women were also deaf and dumb. At the further end of this great lamp-lit apartment was another doorway, closed in with heavy Oriental-looking curtains, quite unlike those that hung before the doors of our own apartments, and here stood two particularly handsome girl-mutes, their heads bowed upon their bosoms, and their hands crossed in an attitude of the humblest submission. As we came up they each stretched out an arm and drew back the curtains. Thereupon Billali did a curious thing. Down he went, that venerable-looking old gentleman—for Billali is a gentleman at the bottom—down on to his hands and knees, and in this undignified position, with his long white beard trailing on the ground, he began to creep into the apartment beyond. I followed him, walking on my feet in the usual fashion. Looking over his shoulder, he perceived it.

"Down, my son; down, my Baboon; down on thy hands and knees. We enter the presence of *She*, and if thou art not humble, of a surety she will blast thee where thou standest."

I halted, and felt scared. Indeed, my knees began to give way of their own mere motion; but reflection came to my aid. I was an Englishman, and why, I asked myself, should I creep into the presence of some savage woman as though I were a monkey in fact as well as in name? I would not and could not do it, that is, unless I was absolutely sure that my life depended upon it. If once I began to creep upon my knees, I should always have to do so, and it would be a patent acknowledgment of inferiority. So, fortified by an insular prejudice against "kotouing," which has, like most of our so-called prejudices, a good deal of common-sense to recommend it, I marched in boldly after Billali. I found myself in another apartment, considerably smaller than the anteroom, of which the walls were entirely hung with rich-looking curtains of the same make as those over the door—the work, as I subsequently discovered, of the mutes who sat in the antechamber and wove them in strips, which were afterward sewn together. Also here and there about the room were settees of a beautiful black wood of the ebony tribe, inlaid with ivory, and all about the floor were other tapestries, or rather rugs. At the top end of this apartment was what appeared to be a recess, also draped with curtains, through which shone rays of light. There was nobody in the place except ourselves.

Painfully and slowly old Billali crept up the length of the cave, and with the most dignified stride that I could command I followed after him. But I felt that it was more or less of a failure. To begin with, it is not possible to look dignified when you are following in the wake of an old man writhing along on his stomach like a snake, and then, in order to go sufficiently slowly, either I had to keep my leg some seconds in the air at every step, or else to advance with a full stop between each stride, like Mary Queen of Scots going to execution in a play. Billali was not good at crawling—I suppose his years stood in the way—and our progress up that apartment was a very long affair. I was immediately behind him, and several times I was sorely tempted to help him on with a good kick. It is so absurd to advance into the presence of savage royalty after the fashion of an Irishman driving a pig to market, for that is what we looked like, and the idea nearly made me burst out laughing then and there. I had to work my dangerous tendency to unseemly merriment off by blowing my nose—a proceeding which filled old Billali with horror; for he looked over his shoulder and made a ghastly face at me, and I heard him murmur, "Oh, my poor Baboon!"

At last we reached the curtains, and here Billali collapsed flat on to his stomach, with his hands stretched out before him as though he were dead, and I, not knowing what to do, began to stare about the place. But presently I distinctly felt that somebody was looking at me from behind the curtains. I could not see the person, but I could distinctly feel his or her gaze, and what is more, it produced a very odd effect upon my nerves. I felt frightened, I don't know why. The place was a strange one, it is true, and looked lonely, notwithstanding its rich hangings and the soft glow of the lamps; indeed, these accessories added to rather than detracted from its loneliness, just as a lighted street at night has always a more solitary appearance than a dark one. It was so silent in the place, and there lay Billali like one dead before the heavy curtains, through which the odor of perfume seemed to float up toward the gloom of the arched roof above. Minute grew into minute, and still there was no sign of life, nor did the curtain move; but I felt the gaze of the unknown being sinking through and through me, and filling me with a nameless terror, till the perspiration stood in beads upon my brow.

At last the curtain began to move. Who could be behind it?—some naked savage queen, a languishing Oriental beauty, or a nineteenth-century young lady drinking afternoon tea? I had not the slightest idea, and should not have been astonished at seeing any of the three. I was getting beyond astonishment. The curtain agitated itself a little, then suddenly between its folds there appeared a most beautiful white hand (white as snow), and with long tapering fingers, ending in the pinkest nails. The hand grasped the curtain and drew it aside, and as it did so I heard a voice, I think the softest and yet most silvery voice I ever heard. It reminded me of the murmur of a brook.

"Stranger," said the voice in Arabic, but much purer and more classical Arabic than the Amahagger talk—"stranger, wherefore art thou so much afraid?"

Now I flattered myself that in spite of my inward terrors I had kept a very fair command of my countenance, and was therefore a little astonished at this question. Before I had made up my mind how to answer it, however, the curtain was drawn, and a tall figure stood before us. I say a figure, for not only her body, but also her face, was wrapped up in soft white gauzy material in such a way as at first sight to remind me most forcibly of a corpse in its grave-clothes. And yet I do not know why it should have given me that idea, seeing that the wrappings were so thin that one could distinctly see the gleam of the pink flesh beneath them. I suppose it was the way in which they were arranged, either accidentally, or more probably by design. Anyhow, I felt more frightened than ever at this ghost-like apparition, and my hair began to rise upon my head as the feeling crept over me that I was in the presence of something that was not canny. The swathed mummy-like form before me was that of a tall and lovely woman, instinct with beauty in every part, and also with a certain snake-like grace that I have never seen anything like before. When she moved a hand or foot her entire frame seemed to undulate; and the neck did not bend, it curved.

"Why art thou so frightened, stranger?" asked the sweet voice again—a voice that seemed to draw the heart out of me like the strains of softest music. "Is there that about me that should affright a man? Then surely are men changed from what they used to be." And with a little coquettish movement she turned herself, and held up one arm, so as to show all her loveliness, and the rich hair of raven blackness that streamed in soft ripples down her snowy robes, almost to her sandalled feet.

"It is thy beauty that makes me fear, O Queen," I answered, humbly, scarcely knowing what to say, and I thought that as I did so I heard old Billali, who was still lying prostrate on the floor, mutter, "Good, my Baboon, good."

"I see that men still know how to beguile us women with false words. Ah, stranger," she answered, with a laugh that sounded like distant silver bells, "thou wast afraid because mine eyes were searching out thine heart, therefore wast thou afraid. But being but a woman, I forgive thee for the lie, for it was courteously said. And now tell me how came ye hither to this land of the dwellers among caves—a land of swamps and evil things and dead old shadows of the dead. What came ye for to see? How is it that ye hold your lives so cheap as to place them in the hollow of the hand of *Hiya*, into the hand of '*She-who-must-be-obeyed*'? Tell me also how come ye to know the tongue that I talk. It is an ancient tongue. Liveth it yet in the world? Thou seest I dwell among the caves and the dead, and naught know I of the affairs of men, nor have I cared to know. I have lived, O stranger, with my memories, and my memories are in a grave that mine own hands hollowed, for truly hath it been said that the child of man maketh his own path evil;" and her beautiful voice quivered, and broke in a note as soft as any wood bird's. Suddenly her eye fell upon the sprawling frame of Billali, and she seemed to recollect herself.

"Ah! thou art there, old man. Tell me how it is that things have gone wrong in thine household. Forsooth, it seems that these my guests were set upon. Ay, and one was nigh to being slain by the hot pot to be eaten of those brutes thy children, and had not the others fought gallantly they too had been slain, and not even I could have called back the life that had been loosed from the body. What means it, old man? What hast thou to say that I should not give thee over to those who execute my vengeance?"

Her voice had risen in her anger, and it rang clear and cold against the rocky walls. Also I thought I could see her eyes flash through the gauze that hid them. I saw poor Billali, whom I had believed to be a very fearless person, positively quiver with terror at her words.

"O 'Hiya,' O *She*," he said, without lifting his white head from the floor—"O *She*, as thou art great, be merciful, for I am now as ever thy servant to obey. It was no plan or fault of mine, O *She*; it was those wicked ones who are called my children. Led on by a woman whom thy guest the Pig had scorned, they would have followed the ancient custom of the land, and eaten the fat Black stranger who came hither with these thy guests, the Baboon, and the Lion who is sick, thinking that no word had come from thee about the Black one. But when the Baboon and the Lion saw what they would do, they slew the woman, and slew also their servant to save him from the horror of the pot. Then those evil ones—ay, those children of the Wicked One who lives in the Pit—they went mad with the lust of blood, and flew at the throats of the Lion and the Baboon and the Pig. But gallantly they fought. O *Hiya*, they fought like very men, and slew many, and held their own, and then I came and saved them, and the evil-doers have I sent on hither to be judged of thy greatness, O *She*, and here they are."

"Ay, old man, I know it, and to-morrow will I sit in the great hall and do justice upon them, fear not. And for thee, I forgive thee, though hardly. See that thou dost keep thine household better. Go."

Billali rose upon his knees with astonishing alacrity, bowed his head thrice, his white beard sweeping the ground, and crawled down the apartment as he had crawled up it, till he finally vanished through the curtains, leaving me, not a little to my alarm, alone with this terrible but most fascinating person.

XIII.

AYESHA UNVEILS.

"There," she said, "he has gone, the white-bearded old fool. Ah, how little knowledge does a man acquire in his life! He gathers it up like water, but like water it runneth through his fingers, and yet if his hands be but wet as though with dew, behold! a generation of fools call out, 'See, he is a wise man.' Is it not so? But how call they thee? 'Baboon,' he says," and she laughed; "but that is the fashion of these savages, who lack imagination, and fly to the beasts they resemble for a name. How do they call thee in thine own country, stranger?"

"They call me Holly, O Queen," I answered.

"'Holly,'" *She* answered, speaking the word with difficulty, and yet with a most charming accent, "and what is 'Holly'?"

"'Holly' is a prickly tree," I said.

"So. Well, thou hast a prickly and yet a tree-like look. Strong art thou, and ugly, but, if my wisdom be not at fault, honest at the core, and a staff to lean on. Also one who thinks. But stay, Holly, stand not there; enter with me and be seated by me. I would not see thee crawl before me like those slaves. I am aweary of their worship and their terror; sometimes when they vex me I could blast them for very sport, and to see the rest turn white, even to the heart;" and *She* held the curtain aside with her ivory hand to let me pass in.

I entered, shuddering. This woman was very terrible. Within the curtains was a recess about twelve feet by ten, and in the recess was a couch, and a table whereon stood fruit and sparkling water. By it at its end was a vessel like a font cut in carved stone, also full of pure water. The place was softly lit with lamps formed out of the beautiful vessels of which I have spoken, and the air and curtains were full of a subtle perfume. Perfume too seemed to emanate from the glorious hair and white clinging vestments of *She* herself. I entered the little room, and there stood uncertain.

"Sit," said *She*, pointing to the couch. "At present thou hast no cause to fear me. If thou hast cause, thou shalt not fear for long, for I shall slay thee. Therefore let thy heart be light."

I sat down on the end of the couch near to the font-like basin of water, and *She* sank down softly on to the other end.

"Now, Holly," she said, "how comest thou to speak Arabic? It is mine own dear tongue, for Arabian am I by my birth. Yet dost thou not speak it as we used to speak. Some of the words seem changed, even as among these men. The Amahagger have debased and defiled its purity, so that I have to talk to them in what is to me another tongue."

"I have studied it," I answered, "for many years. The language is spoken in Egypt and elsewhere."

"So it is still spoken, and there is yet an Egypt? And what Pharaoh sits upon the throne? Still one of the spawn of the Persian Ochus, or are the Archæmenians gone?"

"The Persians have been gone from Egypt for nigh two thousand years, and since then the Ptolemys, the Romans, and many others have flourished and held sway upon the Nile, and fallen when their time was ripe," I said, aghast. "What canst thou know of the Persian Artaxerxes?"

She laughed, and made no answer, and again a cold chill went through me. "And Greece," she said—"is there still a Greece? Ah, I loved the Greeks. Beautiful were they as the day, and clever, but fierce at heart and fickle, notwithstanding."

"Yes," I said, "there is a Greece; and just now is it once more a people. Yet the Greeks of to-day are not what the Greeks of the old time were, and Greece herself is but a mockery of the Greece that was."

"So. The Hebrews, are they yet at Jerusalem? And does the Temple that the wise king built stand? and if so, what God do they worship therein? Is their Messiah come, of whom they talked so much, and does He rule the earth?"

"The Jews are broken and gone, and the fragments of their people strew the world, and Jerusalem is no more. As for the temple that Herod built—"

"Herod?" she said. "I know not Herod. But go on."

"The Romans burnt it, and the Roman eagles flew across its ruins."

"So, so! They were a great people, those Romans, and went straight to their end—ay, they sped to it like Fate, or like their own eagles on their prey—and left peace behind them."

"Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant," I suggested.

"Ah, thou canst speak the Latin tongue too," she said, in surprise. "It hath a strange ring in my ears after all these days, and it seems to me that thy accent does not fall as the Romans put it. Who was it wrote that? I know not the saying, but it is a true one of that great people. It seems that I have met a learned man—one whose hands have held the water of the world's knowledge. Knowest thou Greek also?"

"Yes, O Queen, and something of Hebrew, but not to speak them. They are all dead languages now."

She clapped her hands in childish glee. "Of a truth, ugly tree that thou art, thou growest the fruits of wisdom, O Holly," she said. "But of those Jews, whom I hated, for they called me 'heathen,' when I would have taught them philosophy. Did their Messiah come, and doth He rule the world?"

"Their Messiah came," I answered, with reverence; "but He came poor and lowly, and they would have none of Him. They scourged Him, and crucified Him upon a tree, but yet His words and His works live on, for He was the Son of God, and now of a truth He rules half the world, but not with an Empire of the World."

"Ah, the fierce-hearted wolves," she said, "the followers of Sense, and of many gods—greedy of gain, and faction-torn! I can see their dark faces yet. So they crucified their Messiah? Well can I believe it! That He was a Son of the Living Spirit would be naught to them, if indeed He was so, and of that we will talk afterward. They would care naught for any god if he came not with pomp and power. They, a chosen people, a vessel of Him they called Jehovah, ay, and a vessel of Baal, and a vessel of Astoreth, and a vessel of the gods of the Egyptians—a high-stomached people, greedy of aught that brought them wealth and power. So they crucified their Messiah because He came in lowly guise, and now are they scattered about the earth. Why, if I remember, so said one of their prophets that it should be. Well, let them go; they broke my heart, those Jews, and made me look with evil eyes across the world, ay, and drove me to this wilderness of a people that was before them. When I would have taught them wisdom in Jerusalem they stoned me; ay, at the Gate of the Temple, those white-bearded hypocrites and rabbis hounded the people on to stone me! See, here is the mark of it to this day;" and with a sudden move she pulled up the gauzy wrapping on her rounded arm, and pointed to a little scar that showed red against its milky beauty.

I shrank back horrified.

"Pardon me, O Queen," I said, "but I am bewildered. Nearly two thousand years have rolled across the earth since the Jewish Messiah hung upon His cross at Golgotha. How, then, canst thou have taught thy philosophy to the Jews before He was? Thou art a woman, and no spirit. How can a woman live two thousand years? Why dost thou befool me, O Queen?"

She leaned back on the couch, and once more I felt the hidden eyes playing upon me and searching out my heart.

"O man!" she said at last, speaking very slowly and deliberately, "it seems that there are still things upon the earth of which thou knowest naught. Dost thou still believe that all things die, even as those very Jews believed? I tell thee that naught really dies. There is no such thing as Death, though there be a thing called Change. See;" and she pointed to some sculptures on the rocky wall. "Three times two thousand years have passed since the last of the great race that hewed those pictures fell before the breath of the pestilence that destroyed them, yet are they not dead. E'en now they live; perchance their very spirits are drawn toward us now." She glanced round. "Of a surety it sometimes seems to me that my eyes can see them."

"Yes, but to the world they are dead."

"Ay, for a time; but even to the world are they born again and again. I, even I, Ayesha*—for that is my name, stranger—I say to thee that I wait now for one I loved to be born again, and here I tarry till he finds me, knowing of a surety that hither he will come, and that here, and here only, shall he greet me. Why dost thou suppose that I who am all-powerful; I whose loveliness is greater than the loveliness of the Grecian Helen of whom they used to sing, and whose wisdom is greater—ay, ten times more great—than the wisdom of Solomon the Wise; I who know the secrets of the earth and its riches, and can turn all things to my uses; I who have even for a while overcome Change, that ye call death—why, I say, O stranger, dost thou think that I herd here with barbarians lower than the beasts?"

"I know not," I said, humbly.

"Because I wait for him I love. My life has perchance been evil, I know not—for who can say what is evil and what is good?—so I fear to die, even if I could die, which I cannot, to go and seek him where he is; for between us there might be a wall I could not climb—at least I fear so. Surely easy would it be to lose the way in those great spaces wherein the suns wander on forever. But the day will come, maybe when ten thousand more years have passed, and are lost and melted into the vault of Time, even as the little clouds melt into the gloom of night, when he shall be born again, and then, following a law that is stronger than any human plan, he will find me *here*, and of a surety his heart will soften toward me though I sinned against him; ay, even though he knows me not again, yet will he love me, if only for my beauty's sake."

For a moment I was dumfoundered, and could not answer. The matter was too overpowering for my intellect to grasp.

"But even so, O Queen," I said at last, "even if we men be born again and again, that is not so with thee, if thou speakest truly." Here she looked up sharply, and once more I caught the flash of those hidden eyes—"Thou," I went on, hurriedly, "who hast never died."

"'Tis so," she said; "and it is so because I have, half by chance and half by learning, solved one of the great secrets of the world. Tell me,

* Pronounced Assha.—L. H. H.

stranger: life is—why therefore should not life be lengthened for a while? What are ten or twenty or fifty thousand years in the history of life? Why, in ten thousand years scarce will the rain and storms lessen a mountain-top by a span in thickness. In two thousand years these caves have not changed; naught has changed but the beasts, and man who is as the beasts. There is naught that is wonderful about the matter, couldst thou but understand. Life is wonderful, ay, but that it should be a little lengthened is not wonderful. Nature hath her animating spirit as well as man, who is Nature's child, and he who can find that spirit, and let it breathe upon him, shall live with her life. He shall not live eternally, for Nature is not eternal, and she herself must die, even as the nature of the moon hath died. She herself must die, I say, or rather change and sleep till it be time for her to live again. But when shall she die? Not yet, I ween; and while she lives, so shall he who hath all her secret live with her. All I have not, yet have I some, more, perchance, than any who were before me. Now to thee I doubt not this thing is a great mystery, therefore I will not overcome thee with it now. Another time will I tell thee more if the mood be on me, though perchance I shall never speak of it again. Dost thou wonder how I knew that ye were coming, and so saved your heads from the hot pot?"

"Ay, O Queen," I answered, feebly.

"Then gaze in the water," and she pointed to the font-like vessel, and then, bending forward, held her hand over it.

I rose and gazed, and instantly the water darkened. Then it cleared, and I saw as distinctly as I ever saw anything in my life—I saw, I say, our boat upon that horrible canal. There was Leo lying at the bottom asleep in it, with a coat thrown over him to keep off the mosquitoes, in such a fashion as to hide his face, and myself, Job, and Mahomed towing on the bank.

I started back aghast, and cried out that it was magic, for I recognized the whole scene—it was one that had actually occurred.

"No, no, O Holly," she answered, "it is no magic; that is a fiction of ignorance. There is no such thing as magic, though there is such a thing as a knowledge of the secrets of Nature. That is my glass; in it I see what passes, if I care to summon up the pictures, which is not often. In the water I can show thee what thou wilt of the past, if it be anything to do with this country and with what I have known, or anything that thou, the gazer, hast known. Think of a face, if thou wilt, and it shall be reflected from thy mind upon the water. I know not all the secret yet—I can read nothing in the future. But it is an old secret; I did not discover it. In Arabia and in Egypt the sorcerers knew it centuries ago. So one day I chanced to bethink me of that old canal—some twenty centuries ago I sailed up it—and I was minded to look upon it again. And so I looked, and there I saw the boat and three men walking, and one, whose face I could not see, but a youth of a noble form, sleeping in the boat, and so I sent and saved ye. And now farewell. But stay, tell me of this youth—the Lion, as the old man calls him. I would look upon him, but he is sick, thou sayest—sick with the fever, and also wounded in the fray."

"He is very sick," I answered, sadly. "Canst thou do nothing for him, O Queen, who knowest so much?"

"Of a surety I can. I can cure him; but why speakest thou so sadly? Dost thou love the youth? Is he perchance thy son?"

"He is my adopted son, O Queen. Shall he be brought in before thee?"

"Nay. How long hath the fever taken him?"

"This is the third day."

"Good; then let him lie another day. Then will he perchance throw it off by his own strength, and that is better than that I should cure him, for my medicine is of a sort to shake the life in its very citadel. If, however, by to-morrow night, at that hour when the fever first took him, he doth not begin to mend, then will I come to him and cure him. Stay, who nurses him?"

"Our white servant, he whom Billali names the Pig; also"—and here I spoke with some little hesitation—"a woman named Ustane, a very handsome woman of this country, who came and kissed him when first she saw him, and hath staid by him ever since, as I understand is the fashion of thy people, O Queen."

"My people! Speak not to me of my people," she answered, hastily; "these slaves are no people of mine; they are but dogs to do my bidding till the day of my redemption comes; and as for their customs, naught have I to do with them. Also, call me not Queen—I am sick of flattery and titles—call me Ayesha: the name hath a sweet sound in mine ears; it is an echo from the past. As for this Ustane, I know not. I wonder if it be she against whom I was warned, and whom I in turn did warn? Hath she— Stay, I will see;" and bending forward, she passed her hand over the font of water and gazed intently into it. "See," she said, quietly, "is that the woman?"

I looked into the water, and there, mirrored upon its placid surface, was the silhouette of Ustane's stately face. She was bending forward, with a look of infinite tenderness upon her features, watching something beneath her, and with her chestnut locks falling on to her right shoulder.

"It is she," I said, in a low voice, for once more I felt much disturbed at this most uncommon sight. "She watches Leo asleep."

"Leo!" said Ayesha, in an absent voice; "why, that is 'lion' in the Latin tongue. The old man hath named happily for once. It is very strange," she went on—"very. So like—but it is not possible." With an impatient gesture she passed her hand over the water once more. It darkened, and the image vanished silently and mysteriously as it had arisen, and once more the lamp-light, and the lamp-light only, shone on the placid surface of that limpid, living mirror.

"Hast thou aught to ask me before thou goest, O Holly?" she said, after a few moments' reflection. "It is but a rude life that thou must live here, for these people are savages, and know not the ways of cultivated man. Not that I am troubled thereby, for, behold my food;" and she pointed to the fruit upon the little table. "Naught but fruit doth ever pass my lips—fruit and a little water. I have bidden my girls to wait upon thee. They are mutes, thou knowest, deaf are they and dumb, and therefore the safest of servants, save to those who can read their faces and their signs. I bred them so; it hath taken many centuries and much trouble, but at last I have succeeded. Once I succeeded before, but the race was too ugly, so I did away with it; but now, as thou seest, they are otherwise. Once, too, I bred a race of giants, but after a while Nature would no more of it, and it died away. Hast thou aught to ask of me?"

"Ay, one thing, O Ayesha," I said, boldly, but feeling by no means as bold as I trust I looked. "I would gaze upon thy face."

She laughed out in her bell-like notes. "Bethink thee, Holly," she answered—"bethink thee. It seems that thou knowest the old myths of the gods of Greece. Was there not one Actæon who perished miserably because he looked on too much beauty? If I show thee my face, perchance thou wouldst perish miserably also; perchance thou wouldst eat out thy heart in impotent desire; for know I am not for thee; I am for no man, save one, who hath been, but is not yet."

"As thou wilt, Ayesha," I said. "I fear not thy beauty. I have put my heart away from such vanities as woman's loveliness, that passes like a flower."

"Nay, thou errest," she said; "that does *not* pass. My beauty endures even as I endure; still if thou wilt, O rash man, have thy will; but blame not me if passion mount thy reason, as the Egyptian breakers used to mount a horse, and guide it whither thou wilt not. Never may the man to whom my beauty hath been unveiled put it from his mind, and therefore even with these savages do I go veiled, lest they vex me, and I should slay them. Say, wilt thou see?"

"I will," I answered, my curiosity overpowering me.

She lifted her white and rounded arms—never had I seen such arms before—and slowly, very slowly, withdrew some fastening beneath her hair. Then all of a sudden the long, corpse-like wrappings fell from her, and my eyes travelled up her form, now only robed in a garb of clinging white that did but serve to show its perfect and imperial shape, instinct with a life that was more than life, and with a certain serpent-like grace that was more than human. On her little feet were sandals, fastened with studs of gold. Then came ankles more perfect than ever sculptor dreamed of. About the waist her white kirtle was fastened by a double-headed snake of solid gold, above which her gracious form swelled up in lines as pure as they were lovely, till the kirtle ended on the snowy argent of her breast, whereon her arms were folded. I gazed above them at her face, and—I do not exaggerate—shrank back blinded and amazed. I have heard of the beauty of celestial beings; now I saw it; only this beauty, with all its awful loveliness and purity, was *evil*—at least, at the time, it struck me as evil. How am I to describe it? I cannot—simply, I cannot. The man does not live whose pen could convey a sense of what I saw. I might talk of the great changing eyes of deepest, softest black, of the tinted face, of the broad and noble brow, on which the hair grew low, and delicate, straight features. But, beautiful, surpassingly beautiful as they all were, her loveliness did not lie in them. It lay rather, if it can be said to have any fixed abiding-place, in a visible majesty, in an imperial grace, in a godlike stamp of softened power, that shone upon that radiant countenance like a living halo. Never before had I guessed what beauty made sublime could be, and yet the sublimity was a dark one, the glory was not all of heaven, though none the less was it glorious. Though the face before me was that of a young woman in perfect health and the first flush of ripened beauty, yet it had stamped upon it a look of unutterable experience, and of deep acquaintance with grief and passion. Not even the lovely smile that crept about the dimples of her mouth could hide this shadow of sin and sorrow. It shone even in the light of the glorious eyes, it was present in the air of majesty, and it seemed to say: "Behold me, lovely as no woman was or is, undying and half divine. Memory haunts me from age to age, and passion leads me by the hand. Evil have I done, and with sorrow have I made acquaintance from age to age, and from age to age evil I shall do, and sorrow shall I know till my redemption comes."

Drawn by some magnetic force which I could not resist, I let my eyes rest upon her shining orbs, and felt a current pass from them to me that bewildered and half-blinded me.

She laughed—ah, how musically! and nodded her little head at me with an air of sublimated conquetry that would have done credit to a Venus Victrix.

"Rash man," she said; "like Actæon, thou hast had thy will; be careful lest, like Actæon, thou too dost perish miserably, torn to pieces by the ban-hounds of thine own passions. I too, O Holly, am a virgin goddess, not to be moved of any man, save one, and it is not thou. Say, hast thou seen enough?"

"I have looked on beauty, and I am blinded," I said, hoarsely, lifting my hand to cover up my eyes.

"So! what did I tell thee? Beauty is like the lightning; it is lovely, but it destroys—especially trees, O Holly."

Suddenly she paused, and through my fingers I saw an awful change come over her countenance. Her great eyes suddenly fixed themselves into an expression in which horror seemed to struggle with some tremendous hope arising through the depths of her dark soul. The lovely face grew rigid, and the gracious, willowy form seemed to erect itself.

"Man," she half whispered, half hissed, throwing back her head like a snake about to strike—"man, where didst thou get that scarab on thy hand? Speak, or by the Spirit of Life I will blast thee where thou standest!" and she took one light step toward me, and from her eyes there shone such an awful light—to me it seemed almost like a flame—that I fell, then and there, on the ground before her, babbling confusedly in my terror.

"There," she said, with a sudden change of manner, and speaking in her former soft voice, "I did affright thee. Forgive me. But at times, O Holly, the almost infinite mind grows impatient of the slowness of the very finite, and I am tempted to use my power out of sheer vexation. Very nearly wast thou dead, but I remembered. But the scarab—about the scarabæus!"

"I picked it up," I gurgled, feebly, as I got on to my feet again—and it is a solemn fact that my mind was so disturbed that at the moment I could remember nothing else about the ring except that I picked it up in Leo's cave.

"It is very strange," she said, with a sudden access of woman-like trembling and agitation that seemed out of place in this awful woman, "but once I knew a scarab like that. It—hung round the neck—of one I loved;" and she gave a little sob, and I saw that after all she was only a woman, although she might be a very old one.

"There," she went on, "it must be one like it. Also in old Egypt many there were who bore the name of the Royal Son of Râ. The scarab that I knew was not set thus in the bezel of a ring. Go now, Holly, go, and, if thou canst, try to forget that thou hast looked upon Ayesha's beauty;" and turning from me, she flung herself on her couch, and buried her face in the cushions.

As for me, I stumbled from her presence, and I do not remember how I reached my own cave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON THE MODERN "SHIP OF THE PLAINS."

FOUR P.M. by the big clock at the Union Depot in St. Paul on a bright afternoon in May. Long lines of cars standing on the tracks, locomotives hissing and tooting, bells clanging; passengers arriving, passengers departing; luggage trucks lumbering back and forth between the baggage-cars of newly arrived and soon-to-depart trains and the baggage-room; perspiring porters, surly gate-men, polite colored gentlemen in neat blue liveries standing by the steps of the fine Pullman sleeping-coaches; anxious mothers, crying children; soldiers; emigrants—Germans, Scandinavians, Scotch, English, and Irish; a bland, "moon-eyed Celestial" or two; broad-brim-hatted, flannel-shirted, weather-beaten frontiersmen, their bedding and luggage corded up in canvas or buffalo-robes and slung over their shoulders; a "dude" of the British species, with a whole paraphernalia of guns, fishing-rods, hat-boxes, etc.; everybody looking out for nobody but for himself, and getting into everybody else's way—and in the midst of it all your humble servant, standing on the rear platform of the last Pullman on the west-bound Northern Pacific Express, smoking one of his last Henry Clays, and feeling that satisfaction with himself and the rest of the world which naturally follows a good dinner and the knowledge that he has been well taken care of as regards his comfort in the coming trip. His luggage has been stowed away some time ago, his berth in the "sleeper" chosen, his farewells all said nearly a week ago in New York, and he can look down upon the pushing, hurrying, anxious crowd with the calm, if perhaps selfish, philosophy of one who knows that among the whole "kit and boodle," as he used to say when he was a school-boy, there is not one of whom he cannot sing,

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

4.05 P.M.—A long shrill whistle from the locomotive, a hissing of escaping steam under the cars, a gradual smooth movement forward, a jolt or two. The speed increases. The brakeman springs on the platform with a swing out of one foot and a sn. thwack of the other on the wooden step, and begins coiling up the bell-rope, arranging the big red-eyed lanterns, and making things ship, or rather car, shape. Faster and faster, passing cars after cars—passenger, freight, and cattle—freight-houses and platforms; crossing streets full of life and bustle; rolling on through the suburbs; catching glimpses of the swift-flowing "Father of Waters" through the huge piles of lumber on the river-banks. Faster and yet faster, until, with a scream and a snort from the iron monster that is pulling us to our goal, we leave the last scattered houses of the city behind us, and are fairly on our way to the "Wild West."

We are up betimes the next morning, and an excellent breakfast in the dining-room car disposes us to look more cheerfully on the landscape than when, drawing aside the curtains of the window of our berth as we stretched our sleep-benumbed limbs, the flat plains of Dakota, reaching dreary and gray to the distant horizon under a monotonous rainy sky, greeted our still drowsy eyes. On we rush over the flat, monotonous prairie, now stopping for a few moments at some quiet little station with its group of canvas-clad, slouch-hatted farmers and section-men, now passing through immense grain fields, the tiny, tender green shoots just pushing up through the black soil, and promising a rich harvest to the toiling farmer after the hardships and terrible cold of the pitiless Dakota winter. Sometimes, reaching far on all sides, and covered with countless flocks of wild water-fowl, feeding on the new and sweet grasses and flags, marshy places on the prairie break the monotony of the scene. At Jamestown, an apparently thriving little settlement with several quite pretentious brick buildings, the James River, where the Sioux forded it at the time of the terrible Minnesota massacre, is crossed, and a few hours later, as the hour of noon approaches and the clouds break away, the sun throws his light on the houses of Bismarck, the capital of the Territory, which we are rapidly nearing.

Crossing the wide Missouri here on the magnificent iron railway bridge, passing through Mandan, on its western bank, we plunge along the almost straight line of rails onward toward the land of the setting sun, the new Canaan of so many hundreds of emigrants, both of those that flock to our shores from overcrowded Europe and of those that, weary of the fight for existence in the populous East, are governed by a love of adventure or filled with an ambition to conquer fortune by the exercise of their own will and energy.

Very different, however, is the journey of the emigrant now to what it was not so many years ago, before enterprise, knowledge, a growing civilization, had combined to make his voyage over the almost trackless plains and rugged mountains of this new and wild country one of comparative comfort. Somewhere along the line—at Bismarck or at Mandan—they have attached an emigrant "sleeper" to our train. As we pass from our luxurious Pullman through the comfortably furnished and well-equipped dining-car to the emigrant coach, we are reminded somewhat of the various degrees of the passage forward from the saloon to the steerage of a first-class ocean steamer, and strangely like those of the average steerage are the inmates of the crowded "sleeper," which, crossing the platforms between the coaches, we now enter. Pushing our way through a sort of vestibule in which, securely bolted to the floor, stands a stove, two or three women grouped about it, watching the contents of some tin pannikins in which they are heating some food, we look into the body of the car, arranged in sections, with upper and lower berths, much on the same plan as in the first-class sleeping-cars. There is no attempt at ornamentation, however, no upholstering, but everything seems strong and well made. Most of the berths are turned up for the day, and the passengers, of various nationalities and conditions of life, are seated in the sections, gazing out of the windows at the strange landscape, or occupied at some task or amusement. Right in front of us, her baby at her breast, sits a comely German woman, knitting complacently at some blue worsted-work, and keeping her eye on a flaxen-haired youngster, who, seated on the floor of the car at our feet, is discussing a not over-savory mess from a tin dish before him. Parcels and boxes are stowed under the seat, a bird-cage and some clothing hang suspended from pegs, while behind the woman, in the next section, looking down from the upper berth, the father, frowzy-haired and with matted, unkempt beard, lies stretched at full length, smoking his porcelain pipe in calm indifference to the olfactory nerves of his fellow-passengers.

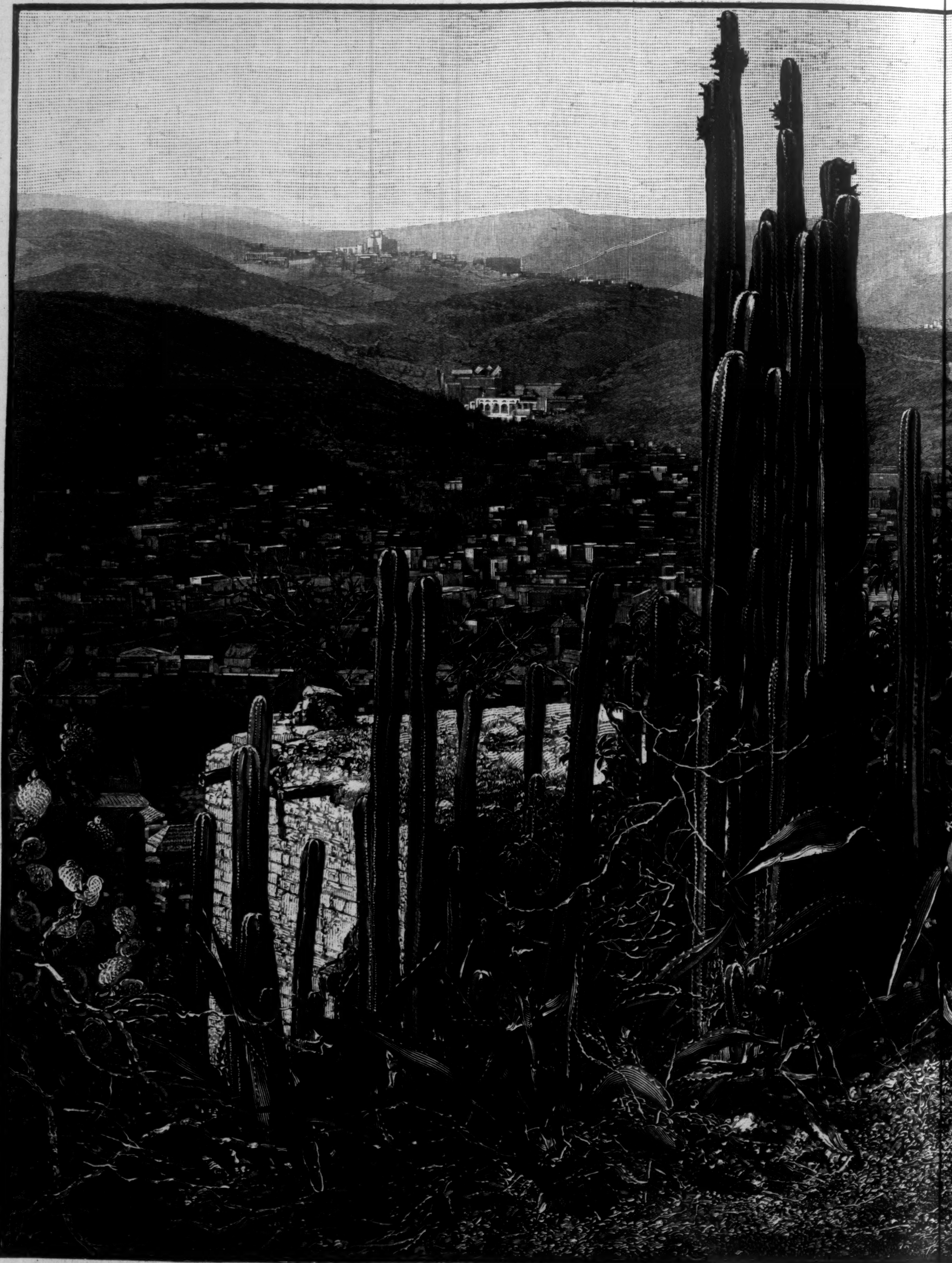
A respectable, neat old Englishman, in corduroy clothes and a billycock hat, sits with folded hands in the opposite section, while a delicate, pretty girl in a black dress gazes—leaning her elbow on the sill and her chin on her hand—dreamily out of the window at his side. Back in the car, up the long perspective of the aisle, various groups are gathered together, according to their nationality or dispositions, talking and laughing, or moving about on different errands, while one little knot of men, from their physiognomy and dress evidently subjects of "her Majesty," are listening with intent faces to some yarn from one of the train-men.

And so the day wears on. Momentarily something new occurs to claim our attention. The ranches and farms grow less frequent; sometimes we run for miles without catching sight of a human habitation excepting a section-house now and then. The character of the country is changing, the flat plains are behind us, curious little mounds appear, and over on the horizon the hills rise against the sky in weird, fantastic shapes. Bands of cattle appear occasionally, looking with half-scared, puzzled eyes at the passing train, and huddling close together in almost compact masses. We rush through a cutting, the bare sides of which show streaks of colored earth—red, black, yellow; cone-shaped hills ("buttes") destitute of grass rise around us; cactus plants, sage-brush, stones; the alkali dust tingles in our nostrils and our eyes; a little stream, the waters of a milky hue, moves sluggishly alongside the track. Sometimes there is a break of green foliage, where some watercourse, satisfying the thirsty soil, gives nourishment to some cotton wood-trees or willows; otherwise everything is desolation, but desolation of a most colorful and picturesque nature that does not prove tiresome.

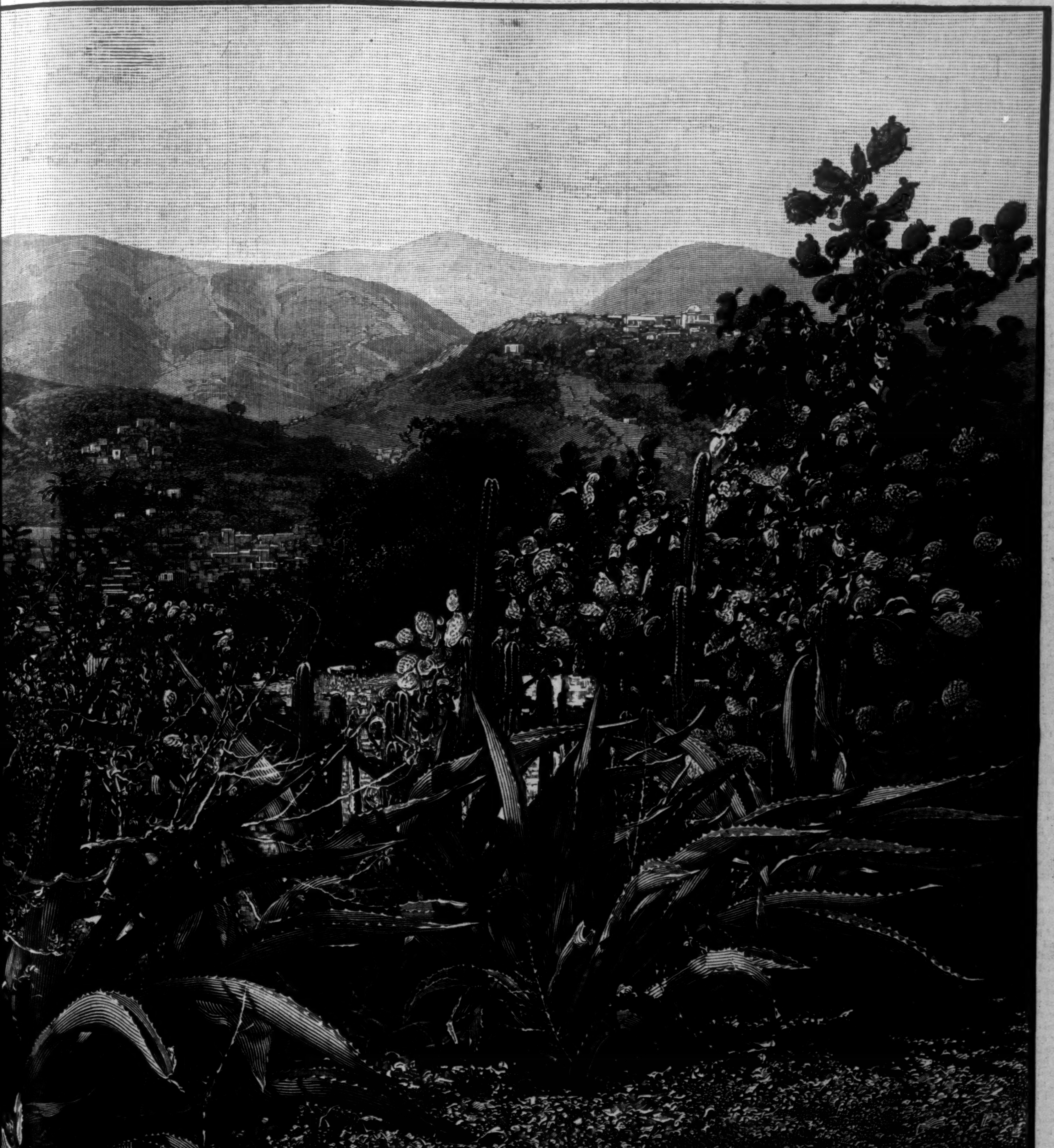
On and still onward, the western sky a fiery red, and the long Northern twilight softening the outlines of the "buttes" still rising around us; onward past the buildings of the ranch of a foreign "cattle king," past the distant flickering fires of some camp; onward across the Montana line, roaring and panting into the growing gloom of the night closing down over the landscape.

Far up above the now faint red streak on the far western horizon glows and sparkles a star, shining in the firmament with a steady light, a fit symbol of the mighty empire marching irresistibly onward over a continent. Westward, ho!

RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.



A GLIMPSE OF GUANAJUATO, MEXICO.—Photographed by W



W. H. Jackson & Co., Denver, Colorado.—[See Page 735.]

The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW THE APOTHECARY DID HIS BEST.

"Tell her plainly," said Mr. Brinjes, "what he said, and how he looked while he said it. Spare her in nothing; so will she the more quickly come to a right mind. What? Didst ever see a surgeon take off a man's leg? Doth he chop here a cantle, and there a snippet, for fear of causing pain? Not he! He ties his bandages and takes his saw, and in five minutes off goes the leg; and though the man may bellow, yet his life is saved."

There was little hope in her face when I went in to her; the trouble of it made my heart bleed. To think that a woman should still so much love a man who had thrown her away with as little thought as one throws away the rind of an apple! . . . I thought she would have hated him. But no; at a word she would have risen to follow and obey him like a slave.

"Bess," I said, "be brave."

"Where is he?"

"He is in London, at his lodgings."

"Did you give him the letter?"

"I did. He sent it back to you. Here it is. Courage, Bess. No man is worth so much crying over. It is as I told you before. He loves you no longer. When he thinks of the past, he wonders at himself. When he remembers how much he was once in love, he laughs."

"Doth he laugh? Oh, Luke, can he laugh?" It was wonderful to her that the thing which destroyed all her happiness could be to him only the cause of laughter.

"Bess, my dear, I am grieved to the soul that I must tell you this. Alas, he laughs. He can never love you any more. Forget him, therefore. Put him out of your thoughts."

"He laughs at the girl to whom he wrote this letter—oh! this dear letter. Why doth he laugh? I cannot laugh, because I loved him."

She rose, and sighed heavily. "Well," she said, "there needs no more, Luke. I have lost my sweetheart. That matters nothing, does it? Thousands of poor women lose their sweethearts every year, in action and in shipwreck. No one pays heed to the women. What matters one more woman? Oh! I would to God that he was lying dead at the bottom of the sea; and I—and I—and I—" She rushed from the room with distraction in her looks.

There was great rejoicing at the Admiral's, whither I carried the glad news of Jack's promotion. Castilla attibuted it entirely to the extraordinary discernment of his Lordship, who deserved, she thought, the highest credit for discovering Jack's real ability and courage, so that he should be promoted, over hundreds of heads, to the command of a frigate, before he was four-and-twenty years of age. Truly it makes one no happier to be wiser, and Castilla knew nothing about the great lady of Drury Lane. Heaven forbid that she should learn anything about that ravaged kiss!

The day was marked at the club in the usual manner, viz., by an extra bowl of punch; and I sat beside the Admiral and told the company how his Lordship, in a splendid satin coat, with a red sash and a diamond star, had condescended in person to inform this fortunate young Commander of his promotion. But you may be sure that I told nothing about the actress, even to the Admiral, who marvelled greatly at the boy's success, and wondered, being wise by experience, by whose private interest he had been promoted.

But the woman who ought most to have rejoiced was wandering all night long, in wind and rain, over the desolate moor called Blackheath, raging and despairing, because the man who once loved her so tenderly had now forgotten her, and laughed to think that he could ever have thought he loved her. In the morning she came back, mud-stained and draggled, hollow-eyed and wan of cheek, to the parlor behind the Apothecary's shop; and here presently she fell asleep, being wholly spent with suffering and fatigue.

Now when Mr. Brinjes came from his shop, and saw her thus asleep and so pale of cheek, he was moved with compassion, and resolved, though he had not visited London for twenty years, that he would himself try to move the hard heart of her lover. Accordingly he put off his workday clothes, and reached down his great wig and the coat in which he sat at the club (both of which belonged to the early years of George I.), and so, fully persuaded that he was dressed quite in the modern fashion of a Court physician, he took oars for Hungerford Stairs, whence he walked to Ryder Street.

On the way the boys shouted at him, for he cut the queerest figure, his velvet coat being so old that it had turned green in places, his lace in rags, his old-fashioned wig unkempt and shabby. But he walked briskly, careless of the boys, and carried his gold-headed stick with an air of majesty.

"Jack," he said, dropping into a chair, "thou art now, I hear, a Captain. Give me a glass of brandy—'tis a long journey from Deptford—and I will drink to thy good luck. So—this is a pretty, commodious lodging, Jack. I passed some fine women on the way from Hungerford Stairs. Have a care, my boy. Do not suffer any of the fine birds to bring their fine feathers here; else it may cost thee dear. Be content with some honest wench who will love thee and not try to rob and plunder all the prize-money."

"Well, Mr. Brinjes"—Jack was not, I think, best pleased to see the old man at his lodgings, and more than suspected the errand on which he came—"can I be of any service to my old friend?"

"That depends, Jack—that depends. The greatest service you could do for me would be not to forget old friends."

"Indeed, I have forgotten no old friends."

"Or old sweethearts?"

"Why, as for old sweethearts, my old friend, they may go on so long as to become stale. This you have often assured me as a matter of your own experience."

"It is quite true," replied the Rover, who had not looked to have his own maxims thrown in his face—"it is quite true, I say, that woman is by nature a jealous creature; the nearer to nature you get, the more jealous you will find her. Something of the tigress in every one. Wherefore Bess, who is as passionate as a negro woman, is more jealous, I dare say, than a London fine lady, who hath not the heart to be greatly jealous. Also a woman can never be made to understand such a simple thing as that she ought to be contented with the half share of a man, or the quarter share, or even a short six months of his life ashore. Nor doth she ever perceive when the time arrives that she should cheerfully make way for another. Yet—poor Bess! I am sorry for the wench."

"In South America," said Jack, talking in the same strain, "where they smoke the cigarro, one that hath been half smoked and thrown away is nauseous if it be taken up and lighted again."

"It is so," said Mr. Brinjes. "Every one who hath been in Guayaquil, which is nigh unto South America, knows that it is so."

"Wherefore—" said Jack, but left the conclusions to be drawn by the philosopher.

"The thing is so," Mr. Brinjes repeated. "Jack, when thy first letter came, I knew that the fit was too hot to last. And when no more came, I understood very well what had happened. For my own part, I never loved any woman more than four-and-twenty hours after leaving port. Why, I have seen sailors marrying the day before they sailed, and yet coming on board unconcerned. This forgetfulness is a special gift of Providence, intended for sailors alone. But as for Bess, while you thought no more upon her, she had that letter wrapped in a silken bag and hung about her neck; and every day she kissed and hugged it, thinking, poor fond soul!—women are fools, yet we needs must feel pity for them—that the writer, like herself, would never change. She began to learn things for her lover's sake; she learned to read and write; she watched the ladies in church to see how they dress and how they carry themselves; she made Luke teach her some of their finickin', delicate ways, which don't go down with a sea-pie and black beer, such as you used to love in the days before your breeches were white and your stockings of silk, and while your buttons carried a simple anchor. Moreover, Bess would no longer consort with her old friends, and would suffer none of the men so much as to have speech with her. And she made Luke tell her what words and sayings of hers would offend the ears of gentlewomen. In short, there she is, my lad, a woman ready for you; as to manners, so far as I understand the matter, as fine as a countess; as to good looks, not a countess of them all can touch her; as to figure—Lord! a finer figure was never made; as to temper, a noble temper, my lad, quick and ready to flame up. What? One that will keep her husband alive, I warrant, and stirring. Why, Jack, we talked of a half-burned cigarro. This one is not yet even lighted. Try it again, dear lad. 'Tis made, I swear, from the finest leaf of Virginia. In South America they have none such. As for truth and constancy, I will answer for them with my life; and for affection—why, 'tis nothing less than a madness she hath for thee. Come, what want you with fine ladies? They will but play with you when you are ashore, and forget you when you are at sea, while, as for Bess, Bess will keep your house while you are away, and when you come home she shall be the tenderest wife in the world, and like a faithful slave for service. What! You would say that by birth she is below the rank of a Commander? Jack, hark ye!"—here he whispered, as if imparting a great secret—"a beautiful woman hath no rank. There must be rank for men, otherwise there would be no discipline on board the ship. Rank was invented for that purpose; and the pretence is necessary for order's sake, whether we call each other Duke, Earl, and noble Lord, or Captain, Lieutenant, and Master. Yet it is, even with men, nothing but pretence at bottom. But for women there is no rank at all, whatever they may themselves pretend; which is proved, Jack, by the fact that great men do constantly fall in love with women of the meanest origin, as witness Charles II. and Nelly Gwynne. You may put Bess upon a throne, and, my word, there is not a Queen among them all would outshine her black eyes and beauteous face. Whereas you will never see a woman of gentle birth fall in love with a clown. Rank is for the ugly women to console themselves withal, by walking in front of each other. Give me another tot of brandy, Jack; and think of her again, I say. Why, I can never get out of my mind that we shall all three—you and Bess and I—we shall all three sail together across the broad Pacific to pick up my treasure, and to burn the town of Guayaquil, where they made me a slave. I cannot die until that town is burned."

"I know nothing," said Jack, "about your dreams. But, for the rest, you are too late, Mr. Brinjes. I have forgotten the girl. All the past foolishness is over and finished."

"Yes," said Mr. Brinjes, looking at him as a physician when he feels the pulse, "yes—he spoke slowly and sadly—"I now perceive plainly that it is all over. The symptoms are clear. Your eyes warm no more at the thought of the girl. Her chance is gone. The poor child hath had her time. Well, I shall go home again. Pray Heaven my assistant hath not already poisoned a customer or two. Jack, keep out of her way. There will be trouble yet."

"Why, Mr. Brinjes," he laughed, "you do not think that I am afraid of a woman?"

"Nay, I said not that. But—well, we shall have trouble yet. And for these Southern Seas, sure I am that I shall see them again before I die."

So the Apothecary went away, having done what he could, and having failed.

"We sailors," said Jack to me presently, "are great fools in our love for taverns and drinking bouts and low company, so that those are right who represent us as so many dull dogs who have no manners, and can do nothing ashore but drink about. Why, when I came home three years ago, the Gun Tavern was the height of civilization, the Apothecary's dirty parlor was the abode of politeness, and poor Bess was the finest lady in the land.

"We are mostly such mere tarpaulins," he continued, after a space, "that landsmen do well to despise us, though we fight their battles for them, and care not how we are treated, nor how many hundreds they pass over when they make appointments. Then we fall to cursing the service, instead of our own common habits. There was on board the *Tartar* one of the Lieutenants (he is now dead) who was a gentleman—I mean by taste and education as well as by birth—who sometimes talked with me, saying that 'twas a pity a lad of my appearance and figure (which he flattered) should not study polite manners for the sake of my own advancement, because, with a little trouble, I might certainly attract attention in high places, and so receive promotion. In this he was partly right, though I now find that great men think they can pay for the service of flattery in promises, as a merchant pays for goods with a piece of paper. But there is a difference, because, if the merchant do not redeem his promise when the day comes, he is dishonored; whereas if a nobleman doth not redeem his promise, no one throws the fact in his teeth. And if I had not been so lucky as to rescue a certain friend of my Lord, I doubt whether I should have got any appointment, to say nothing of promotion.

"But, lad, consider. Here I live among the best; I am received at a great man's table; I sit in the coffee-house among the wits or the fops, as I please; I go to the theatre, to Ranelagh, and to Vauxhall; there is the gaming-table, if I choose to risk a few pieces; if I am ever disposed for a quiet evening, there is the society of Castilla, the sweetest girl in the world; if for a sprightly party, there are the suppers of my friend—my patron, if you please—and this actress. Think you that after these things I can go back to Mr. Brinjes's stinking parlor and the Penman's daughter? She may be as beautiful as he says—I care not. She is certain to have coarse hands, rude speech, and plain manners. You might as soon expect me to go back to the cockpit, and to mess again with the midshipmen, the volunteers, and the surgeon's mates."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

What would be done next I knew not, yet feared something desperate, the case lying, on the one hand, between a women driven wellnigh mad with love and disappointment, and on the other, a man of great determination, inflexible to tears and entreaties, and, besides, one who now regarded this poor girl, as he himself confessed, with as much loathing as he had once felt love. I have read in some book of travels that there are certain hot fountains in Iceland which burst forth from time to time with incredible force, and either scald to death those upon whom they chance to play, or, by the ground sinking beneath their footsteps, do suddenly engulf them. We were now—that is, Mr. Brinjes and myself, who alone knew what was threatening—like unto those who walk upon ground where these fountains break out; for we knew not what ruin might fall upon us at any moment, caused by the hand of a desperate woman.

No one knows the trouble the poor girl gave us at this time, with her changing moods, her fits, and her despair. For sometimes she would sit for many hours swinging her body backward and forward, tearing a ribbon or a handkerchief with her teeth; sometimes she would sit quite still, her eyes fixed and glowering; then she would suddenly spring to her feet, and cry aloud that she could bear it no longer; sometimes she would threaten death and murder to her false lover, and to any woman who should dare to take him from her; sometimes she would rush from the room and wander away, till she was forced to come back for weariness; and sometimes she would become gentle again, acknowledge her wilfulness, and beg forgiveness for her bad temper and her wild words. But these occasions were rare. She spent the whole day in Mr. Brinjes's house—that is, when she was not in one of her restless moods, wandering over Blackheath, or farther afield, in the woods and fields of Eltham or Norwood. More than once she spent the whole night out, returning in the morning spent with fatigue, her fury only appeased for a time by the weakness of her body. As for her father, she neglected him altogether, so that the poor man was now obliged to provide his own meals, sweep and keep clean his room, and make his own bed. "Yet," he said, "I dare not say a word in remonstrance or rebuke, so terrible is her temper, in which she now seems to surpass her mother, though I confess she doth not beat me over the head with the frying-pan, as my wife was wont to do. Mr. Brinjes, before whom I have laid the case, advises patience. Well, Mr. Luke, I am a patient man. Of that I am very sure. I have been patient all my life—when I was a boy, and the stronger boys hectored it over me; and when I was a 'prentice, and my master half starved me; when I was a married man, and my wife scratched, beat, and cuffed me daily; and now when my daughter is grown up. It is not recorded of the Patriarch Job that his wives and daughters were thus ungoverned."

Sometimes she would speak of her wrongs, and mostly she was grieved because Jack laughed at her.

"If he were dead," she cried, "I could weep for him all the days of my life, thinking he loved me to the end. Oh! I am a fool to care for such a man or to cry over him. He laughs at me. I am a fool. He laughs at me. Why did I not forget him the moment his ship was out of sight, and take another sweetheart?"

"Pity," said Mr. Brinjes, shaking his head—"a thousand pities you did not."

"Hold your tongue!" she turned on him fiercely. "How dare you speak? You were all in league to mock at me. Why, 'twas thus you beguiled the poor black negro girls, you and your pirate crew. And then you laughed at them."

"Faith," said Mr. Brinjes, "if a man deserts a black girl she generally murders him for it."

She looked at him strangely, and rushed away, saying nothing.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Brinjes, "that I told her about the negress's revenge, for she is now capable of everything; and perhaps she will go away and put a knife into his heart." This he said calmly, as if murder was too common a thing to surprise him. "There was once a girl—'twas at Providence—whose lover—a smart fellow too, and one of our crew—deceived her. What did she do? Pretended to forgive him, passed the thing over, treated it as a joke, and played the loving sweetheart to the life, laughing and singing while she served up the poisoned meat that was to kill him. She put in it the herb stramonium, which there grows wild; and the women know its properties very well. She laughed the louder afterward, while he twisted and rolled on the ground and bellowed in his agony. The men burned her alive for it, because this was an example that might affect them all; but she cared nothing for the torture, for she had her revenge; and whatever was done to her afterward, nothing would hurt her, so long as she could think of that. Look you, Bess is such another as that negro girl. She is as passionate, and she is as jealous. There has been murder in her mind ever since Jack came home. I have read the thought in her eyes, and now I have put it into words for her. Trouble will come."

It was not this crime that I feared, because our women know not, happily, the use of poisons; and the worst among them shrink from taking life. But I feared that she might rashly and in despair kill herself, or commit some act of violence toward Castilla if she suspected that Jack was paying her attentions, or that she might lose her reason altogether. And indeed in those days I am sure that she was partly mad.

You shall learn what she did.

First, she would hear from her former lover's own lips the sentence of her dismissal. She would read her fate in his eyes. Therefore, one morning, without informing any one of her intention, she took boat and was carried up the river, and so made her way to his lodging in Ryder Street. No neglect of dress could hide the girl's wonderful beauty, but it was unfortunate, the Captain being now daily in the society of ladies who omit no point in their attire which may help to enhance their charms, that she came to him in a common stuff frock, that in which she was accustomed to do the house work, and a plain straw hat, so that she looked exactly what she was, the daughter of some tradesman of humble station. This, I say, was unlucky for her. Another unlucky thing was that the Captain was not alone in his lodging; and it shamed him that a girl so common in her dress and appearance should thus present herself and call him Jack, and remind him of his broken vows. You will expect, when you hear that Bess found a lady in the room, a scene of mad and violent jealousy. But nothing of the kind happened. And yet the situation was one which might very well have caused a jealous woman to fly out, for the lady, who was none other than the Drury Lane actress, was sitting in a chair, and Jack was standing over her. She was looking up at him with her merry laughing eyes, her hair curled over her forehead, and her face as if it was always and naturally bright and joyous (this thing one constantly sees in women who play upon the stage, though I know not why they should be happier than other folk). Her hood, in which she had been wrapped, and her domino, lay upon the table, and she was dressed most daintily in some flowered silk, with laced petticoat and kid gloves. Now, like a true woman, Bess no sooner saw this finely dressed lady than she began to think with shame of her own common frock, her hair so rough, and her coarse hands, and to wish that she had put on her best before she left home. I know not what they were talking about, but though the lady was merry, Jack was serious; to be sure, he never passed jests with women, and was not even as a boy over-fond of laughing with girls; perhaps—some philosopher hath remarked—women like best the men who treat them seriously, and as if every interview with them gave birth to what the French call a grand passion.

At sight, however, of Bess, as she stood in the open doorway, Jack started and stepped forward as if to protect his visitor, with a round quarter-deck oath.

"Oh, my poor ears!" cried the actress; "are we on board ship already?"

Then she marked the face of the woman at the open door, and there was something in her eyes and attitude which made her silent. There is a kind of despair which makes itself felt even by

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

the lightest. This woman she saw had a pale face and large black eyes, which were fixed steadfastly and piteously upon the Captain.

"Why do you come here?" asked Jack.

"I came to see you. Oh, Jack!" she gasped, and caught at her heart.

"I have sent you an answer already."

"I have come to hear your answer from your own lips," she replied, with trembling voice.

"Come, Bess," he said, coldly, but not unkindly, "you are a foolish girl; the past is gone. We cannot bring back again what has been. Forget it—and me. And go away. This is no place for you."

"Forget it? You think I can forget? Have you forgotten, Jack; tell me, have you forgotten?" She clasped her hands, and threw them out in a gesture of pain and trouble. "Oh! have you forgotten—you?"

"I have quite forgotten," he replied. "Everything has clean gone out of my mind;" but of course his very words betrayed his memory. "Of course I remember who you are. Your father taught me arithmetic and writing. You are Bess Westmoreland. We used to play together when we were children. Then I went away to sea, and I remember nothing more."

"Nothing more," she murmured. "Oh! he remembers nothing more. Oh! is it possible? Can he forget?"

"If you wish," Jack went on, "I will tell you something more that I remember. But you had better not ask me to tell you that. Best to go away now, and before harder things are said."

"There can be no harder things said. Tell me what you please."

"I remember a young girl and a boy. The boy had been six years at sea and among savages, and knew not one woman from another. So he thought he was in love with the girl, who was no proper match for him. And when he had been at sea again for six weeks, of course he had clean forgotten her."

"And now you have returned, Jack"—she dragged off her hat, and her beautiful black hair fell in long curls upon her shoulders—"look upon me. Am I less beautiful than I was? You, woman"—she turned fiercely upon the actress—"tell me, you, are you in love with him? No: I see it in your eyes; you do not love him. Then you will speak the truth, and perhaps you will pity me. Tell me, then, am I beautiful?"

"You are a very beautiful girl indeed," said the Queen of Drury Lane. "Upon the boards you would be a dangerous rival. Your hair and eyes are splendid; your shape is faultless. Unfortunately, you have not learned to dress."

"You hear, Jack, what this lady, who is not in love with you, says of me. I have learned things, too, since you went away. I am no longer so plain and rustic, and— Oh, Jack!" She threw herself at his feet, regardless of the other woman. She must have known that it was a useless humiliation, yet perhaps she was resolved to drink the cup to the dregs. "Jack, look upon my name printed upon thy arm; think of my hair tied about thy wrist; think of all thy promises. Jack, think of everything. Oh, Jack, be not so cruel!"

Alas! his face was hard and cruel. As she held up her arms in this humility, he made as if he would push her from him, and in his eyes, once so soft to her and full of love, she read now scorn and loathing.

"Go!" he said. "You have had my answer."

Then she rose meekly, and drew from her pocket certain presents he had given her—a necklace of red coral, a packet of ribbons, a roll of lace, the gloves, a broken sixpence—and laid them on the table.

"You shall have again," she said, "all that you have ever given me, except one thing. I keep your letter and your promise. That I will never give you back so long as I live. I know not yet what I shall do. . . . I know not—" She grew giddy, and looked as if she would fall, but presently recovered, and without another word she left the room.

"Are there many such girls in love with you, Captain Easterbrook?" asked the actress. There were tears in her eyes, but she put up her handkerchief. "Are there many such in the world, I wonder? They come not to this end of town. Do you write the names of all the women you love upon your arms? Then they will be a pretty sight for a jealous wife, Jack, when you marry."

"Let her go." He swept the poor trifles, mementos of bygone love, upon the floor. "Let us talk of something else."

"She is a very beautiful woman," the actress continued, disregarding his words. "There is no woman now upon the boards who would better become the part of a Queen, and most certainly none who could better act the part she has just played. 'Twas a moving situation, Captain, though it moved you not. I wonder how many women's hearts thou hast broken, Jack."

"Why, if we come to questions, I wonder how many men would like to make love to you, fair lady."

"Captain Easterbrook, it cannot escape your penetration that there is not a pretty woman in the world to whom all men would not willingly make love, if they could. As for constancy, they laugh at it, and promises they despise; they trample upon the hearts of the foolish women who love them, and they consider jealousy in a woman a thing past comprehension." She laughed, but her eyes were not so merry as when Bess opened the door. "Well, I am resolved not to have my heart broken, because I have but one, and if it chance to be broken, I doubt if I could piece it together again. Therefore, my gallant Captain, my brave Jack, I doubt whether it were wise of me to come here any more. You may, if you please, come to my suppers, to meet my Lord and his friends. Look not so glum, Captain. Well, perhaps I may see thee once more before thy ship sails. If I do, promise to pretend a little love for this unhappy lovesick nymph. She is a sea-nymph, I take it—one of those whom the poets call Naiads. Comfort her poor heart a little, and perhaps when thou art gone she may very likely console herself. Alas! always one loves and one is loved."

"I loved her once. Can she expect—"

"Women are such fond creatures, Captain Easterbrook, that they are not even contented to be a toy for a month or two. As for me, I make men my toys, and as for my heart, it is still mine own. Adieu, thou conqueror of women's hearts and compeller of women's tears. But, Jack"—she laid her hand upon his arm—"look that this poor distracted creature doth not do a mischief to thee or to some one. There was madness in her eyes. I now know how the passion of jealousy should be rendered. It is to stand so, and to look so, and thus to use the hands." She lost her own face, and became Bess, so clever was she at impersonation, and in dumb-show went through the pantomime of a scorned and jealous woman. Then she put on her domino, took her hood, and ran down-stairs.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW CASTILLA WAS BETROTHED.

I do not think there is anything in this history more distasteful to Castilla than a certain episode in it, which one cannot choose but narrate. To omit the incident would be the concealment of a thing which clearly shows the disposition of our hero at this juncture of his affairs, when all seemed prosperous with him, but when his fate was already sealed, and destruction about to fall upon him.

Castilla reproaches me with concealing from the Admiral and her mother first the previous engagement with Bess, and next the acquaintance of the Captain with the actress of whom mention has been made, and declares that if the Admiral had known it he would have forbidden the house to so gay a Lothario. Castilla's general opinion as to her father's character is doubtless correct; but as to her father's conduct, under certain circumstances, I prefer my own judgment. Certain I am that if the Admiral (now in Abraham's bosom) had known both these facts—indeed, I am sure that he knew a good deal of the first—he would not on that account have shut Jack out of the house, nor would he have forbidden him to pay his addresses to Castilla.

"As for me," she still says, indignant, even after so many years, "had I suspected the things which you very well knew at the time, sir, I should have spurned his proposals. I have now forgiven him, because, poor boy, he was punished for his weakness in the matter of that witch and her adviser, the Apothecary, whom I believe to have been sold to the Devil. I forgave him freely, and you know, Luke, that I have long since forgiven you for your part in the deception. But there are things which can never be forgotten, though they be forgiven."

As for my own conduct in the business, I know not why I should have told the Admiral, or Castilla either, that a celebrated actress and toast had been rescued from footpads by Jack Easterbrook; that he supped at her house in company with other gentlemen; and that she visited him twice, to my knowledge, in his own lodging, the first time in order to communicate to him the news of his promotion, and the second time—I know not why.

Nor do I know why I should have warned Castilla about the old love affair. It was over and finished. Surely a woman would not be jealous because a lad of nineteen had made an imprudent promise, which he afterward broke, or because he then fell in love with, and afterward ceased to love, a certain girl, whether below or above his own rank in life.

Suffice it to say, therefore, that I heard no more about the actress, but that Jack came often, in those weeks between his appointment and his sailing orders, to the Admiral's, and that he made no secret to me of his passion for Castilla. Also he took the ladies to various fashionable places of resort which they had never before seen, because there was no one to take them. Thus, we went one evening to Ranelagh, where there was a very pretty concert in the round room, with dancing afterward, and a great crowd of ladies beautifully dressed, though none prettier than Castilla, to my simple taste. And on another evening we went to Drury Lane, where the actress, Jack's friend, was playing the principal part; and a more merry, light-hearted creature one never beheld upon the stage. I observed that Jack showed no sign of any acquaintance with her, but discussed her performance as a stranger might be expected to do, calling her pretty well as to looks, but then she was painted up; while as for beauty, give him blue eyes and light hair, at which Castilla blushed. And so home by moonlight, when the watermen are mostly gone to bed, and the river is comparatively quiet. Castilla sat beside Jack in the boat, and I believe he held her hand.

And on the day after the play the Admiral was asked, and gave his consent to his daughter's engagement with Jack. He gave it with a livelier satisfaction, he said, than he had felt in any previous event of his life. "Castilla," he said, "this is the greatest day of thy life. For thou art promised to the most gallant officer in the King's Navy. I say, to the bravest and the comeliest lad, and to the best heart, though he shirks the bottle and leaves me to finish it. If thou art not proud of him, thou art no daughter of mine."

"Indeed, sir," said Castilla, "I am very proud of him."

Jack threw his arms round her, and kissed her on both cheeks, and on the forehead, and on her lips.

I say no more. Castilla declares now that she never really loved him, though she confesses that she was carried away by so much passion and by her admiration of his bravery. Yet I know not. He was a masterful man, who compelled women to love him, and as the actress said, he had a conquering way with him. I think that if events had turned out otherwise, Castilla would have become a loving as well as an obedient wife. But let that pass. They were engaged, and the club at the Sir John Falstaff had a roaring night, in which Mr. Brinjes heartily joined, because at his age 'twould have been a sin to suffer the fear of approaching disaster to stand between himself and a night of punch and singing and the telling of sea stories.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SALT-WORKS AT SYRACUSE.

Comprehensive illustrations of the extensive salt-works at Syracuse, in this State, will be found on another page of this issue. It will no doubt be a surprise to many persons to learn that, although the waters of Lake Onondaga are fresh, it is from the bed of this picturesque sheet of water that these salt-works obtain the material which they successfully manipulate in the manufacture of enormous volumes of salts of all grades, from the coarse salt in which pork is packed, to the flour-like product with which we fill the pretty silver receptacles on our breakfast tables. Although, as has been said, the water of Lake Onondaga would yield no atom of salt, boil it never so long, it has been discovered that by boring to a depth of about two hundred feet below the bed of the lake, a very richly salt-impregnated water is obtained. This water, from a subterranean salt sea, is pumped up by powerful machinery, and is stored in enormous reservoirs, from which it is drawn off into smaller reservoirs connected with the different Syracuse salt-works.

A trip through any one of these salt-works is full of interest. The water is moderately heated in its passage from the reservoirs into the enormous kettles which constitute the basis of the salt-works, and from which, when they are in full blast, a dense steam continually arises, as shown in the central picture, making it impossible for the workmen to remain longer than a few moments at a time in their vicinity. These kettles are arranged in double rows, every seventy kettles constituting what is called a "block." They are supported upon archways of brick, and at the end of each of these archways is a furnace, from which a current of hot air is driven through under the kettles by means of powerful steam-fans.

The average yield of each kettle at a single boiling is between three and four bushels of salt, the required time of boiling being about five hours. When a kettle is freshly filled, an iron plate with a long upright handle is lowered nearly to the bottom. The salt in forming passes under this plate, which, however, arrests and catches all the impurities in the water.

After a boiling the salt is removed from the kettles by means of long-handled shovels, and it is a weird sight to see the workmen moving dimly about in this atmosphere of rising steam, with their long shovels in hand, salt-encrusted from head to foot. One man is supposed to attend to a "block," and the work, though not injurious to health, is extremely laborious. From the boiling-kettles the salt passes into the hoppers, and then to washing-machines, which thoroughly cleanse it. After receiving this washing it is loaded into a large heated revolving drum, in which it is perfectly dried. It is then in condition to be sent to the mills, where it is of course ground to any required degree of fineness. Every particle of salt leaving the works is carefully weighed by a weigher in the employ of the United States government, for the government levies a tax, in the shape of a certain percentage of the salt, upon every pound of salt taken from the earth or the waters under the earth at these Syracuse works.

In addition to the methods just described, there is also another, but slower, form of obtaining salt in use at Syracuse, viz., through evaporation by exposure to the sun. The lowlands running back from Lake Onondaga to the city are for many acres covered by large salt vats, from which the output is annually enormous.

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO.

The Mexican city of Guanajuato is built on the most uneven site that man ever chose for a city, except, perhaps, some of the Swiss towns in the Alps. The hills are so steep that the roofs of some houses are lower than the foundations of the adjacent ones. The streets are narrow and winding, and some of them are too rough for vehicles with wheels. A mountain stream runs through the city, which becomes so swollen at seasons that the residents on the heights, in safety, see their next-door neighbors suffer great damage from a flood. Such a site was selected only because of its convenience to what were once the richest mines in Mexico. The first settlement was made as long ago as 1554, by the Spaniards, and as early as 1803 the population within the city proper was more than 40,000. The mines up to the year 1800 had yielded more than $350,000,000 worth of silver, and they are yet worked. And now, as 300 years ago, the greater part of the population are miners. Now as then, too, the *peons* work the mines in their primitive fashion. Great fortunes were made at Guanajuato before anything more than a modest competence was ever dreamed of in the British colonies in North America, and there are evidences of as great wealth in the mediæval part of the town as in the most modern parts. Such works as Mr. S. B. Griffin's *Mexico of To-Day*, just published by Harper & Brothers, show us how fast the modernization of Mexico is going on, but the peculiar and picturesque site of Guanajuato will keep it a part of the mediæval Mexico after most other Mexican cities have been transformed.

A good index to the diverse characteristics of the city is the facts that although the telephone has been introduced, and the silver kings have all the conveniences of modern life, all the fifty mills for crushing and reducing silver ore, except one or two, are yet worked by horse-power. In the city of Mexico itself there is not so interesting a grouping of old and new things. The peculiar site of the city is its guarantee against rapid changes in its appearance, and makes the building of anything like a drearily regular town an impossibility forever. The historical events of which Guanajuato has been the scene make its history as interesting as its situation is picturesque. On an eminence near the centre of the city the prison is yet standing whereto the Spaniards retired during the revolution, and thought their position impregnable. The Mexicans crawled to the gate, with stones on their backs for shields, and set fire to it, and hanged the Spanish leaders.

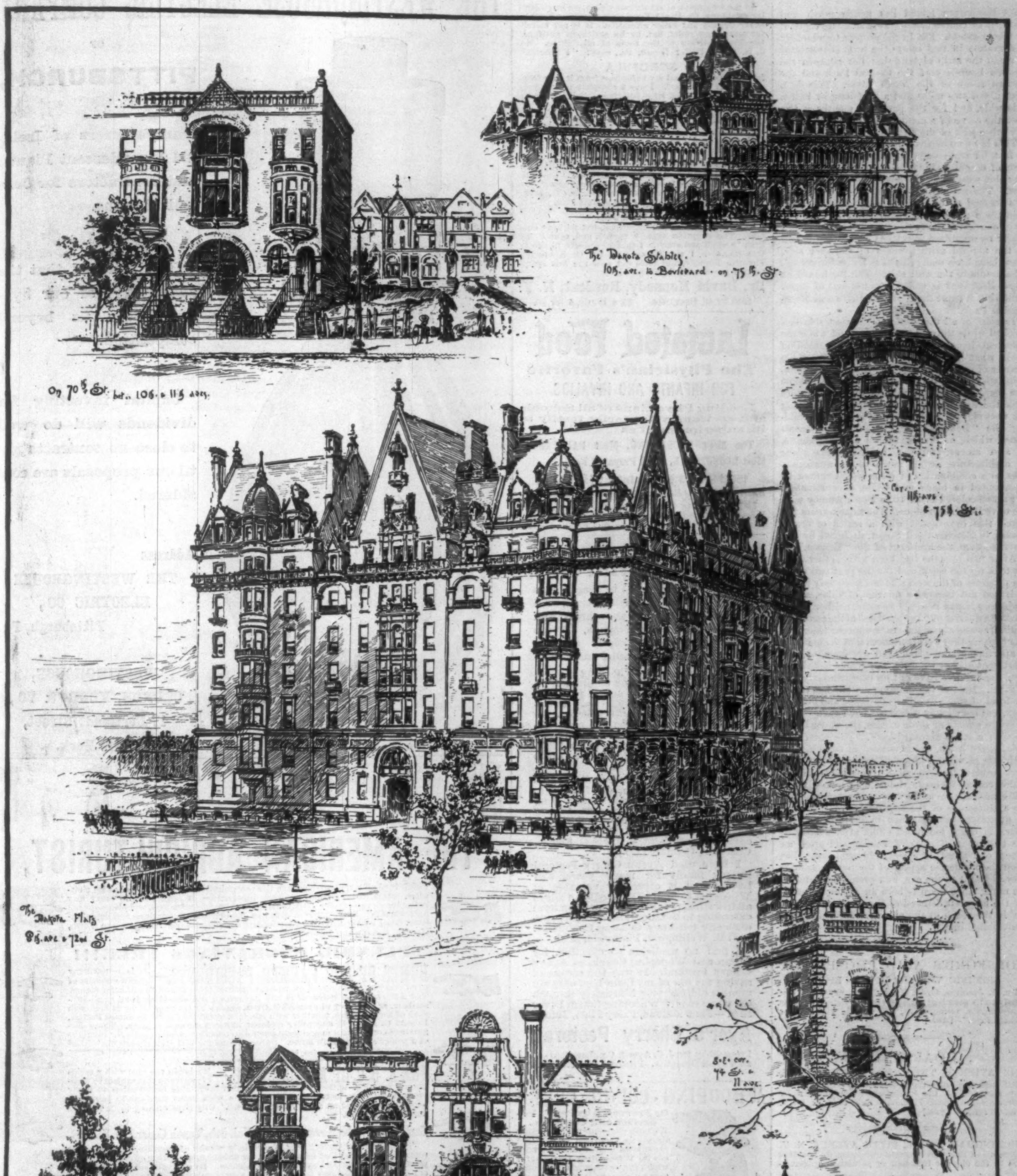
The accompanying "glimpse" of the city shows the gigantic cacti on an eminence that overlooks the valley and the uneven elevations of the houses in the valley, with a view of the suburban settlements in the distance. The deep valley itself is nearly 7000 feet above the sea-level.

NOT YET.

"Rosenfelt, sexty tousan' four sheventy-four; Hewitt, ninety tousan' four feefty-sex; Sheorge, sexty-seven tousan' nine hoondert unt durty. Katrine, you'll haf to put dem tings pack in der blaces; we won't moof onto der Fifth Afernoo shoost at bresent, by Sheorge."

THE SALT WORKS AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Frederick Ray.—[See Page 735.]

1. The Salt-works District. 2. Looking over the Salt Vats. 3. Boiling Salt-Water. 4. Removing Impurities. 5. Washing Salt. 6. Furnaces under the Kettles. 7. Filling Salt Bags. 8. Filling Barrels. 9. Weighing for the Government. 10. The Mills. 11. A Peep into the Drier.



SKETCHES ON "THE WEST SIDE" OF NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 738.]

BUILDING UP THE WEST SIDE.

As Manhattan Island lies nearly north and south, it of course has a "west side" throughout its whole extent. But in the present terminology of operators in real estate the term is restricted to mean the strip of land that lies between the western boundary of the Central Park and the eastern shore of the North River. This is a tract about two miles and a half long by half a mile wide, and for the past few months it has been the scene of a greater building activity than any other part of the city.

This is by no means a premature development. In fact, for many years it has been a puzzle to the class of operators in real estate before mentioned why the west side did not keep pace with the east. The natural advantages of the two quarters seemed to be nearly equal, yet the tide of population up the east side seemed to be out of all proportion to the tardy advance upon the west. While no organized effort has been made to add to the natural attractiveness of the east side, there have been many efforts to tempt buyers and inhabitants to the west side. The Boulevard, as upper Broadway is called, was the first of these. Following it came the Riverside Drive and Morningside Park.

In spite of all these efforts, the west side languished while the east side throve, and while the tenement-house district was rapidly extending itself, what had been laid out as a fashionable quarter of more or less detached villas obstinately insisted upon remaining a goat pasture. Some five years ago the managers of the CLARK estate took the first important step toward preparing the west side for an invasion of fashion by building the "Dakota," an enormous apartment-house, which, as Mr. HAWLEY's drawing shows, is also an attractive and harmonious piece of architecture, owing much of its attractiveness to a combination of color which cannot be represented in black and white, a combination of salmon-colored brick from Perth Amboy with the olive Dorchester stone. The same owners followed this experiment with a series of pretty houses in Seventy-third Street, designed by Mr. HARDENBERGH, the architect of the "Dakota."

After this impetus had been given, other owners took up the work, and for the past two years the progress of the west side has been very rapid. If it has not become a quarter of villas, as its projectors hoped it would become, neither has it become a quarter of "French flats" of the commoner kind, as was at one time to be apprehended. Either because they were convinced that the building of apartment-houses had been overdone, or that apartment-houses were not applicable to this region, the builders have put up comparatively few of them. Most of the building activity has taken the form of small dwellings designed and built in rows, but completely separated from each other. They are mainly of three stories, the upper being often in a steep Mansard-roof. The chief material is red brick, which is used in combination with one of several kinds of sandstone, or with terra-cotta of its own color. This latter combination cannot be made violent, and indeed there is a commendable moderation and sobriety about the architecture of the new quarter. Instances of grotesque extravagance in design are rare. There is often too much effort after variety in the treatment of rows of houses, and often an excess of features in a single house front. But upon the whole the aspect of the new quarter is very pleasant to the eye, and even pleasanter to the mind, since there is here an attempt to supply the long-felt demand of New York for homes within the reach of the average of business and professional men.

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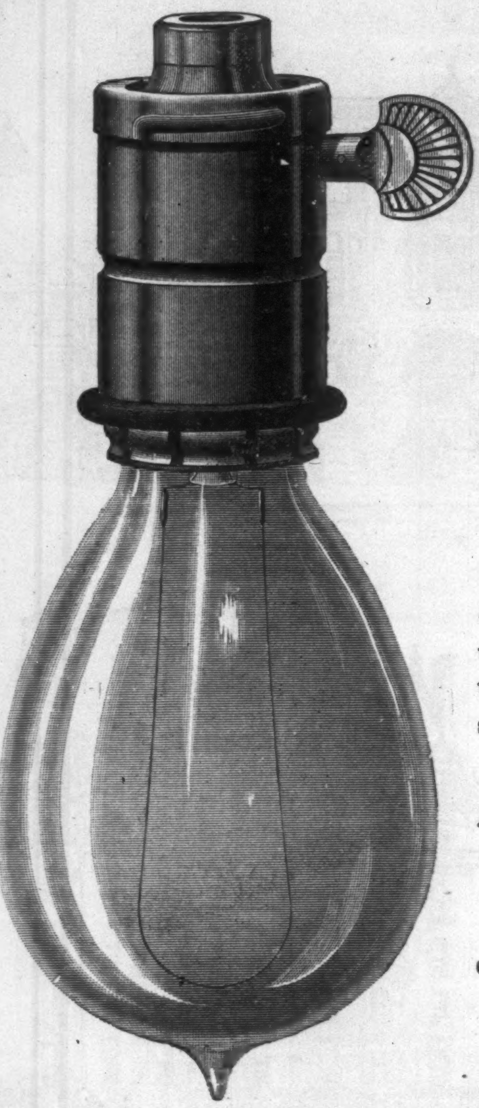

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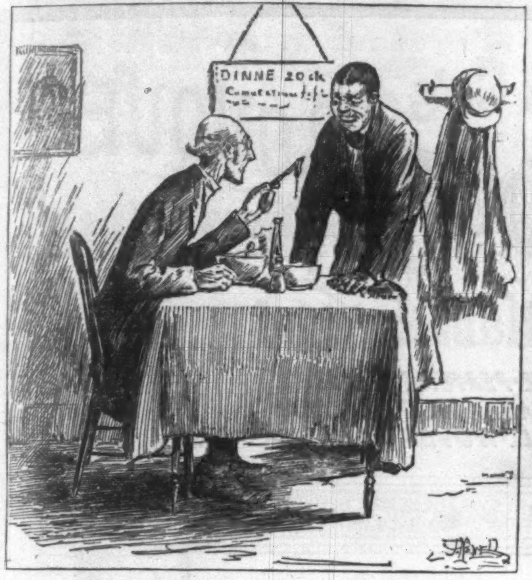

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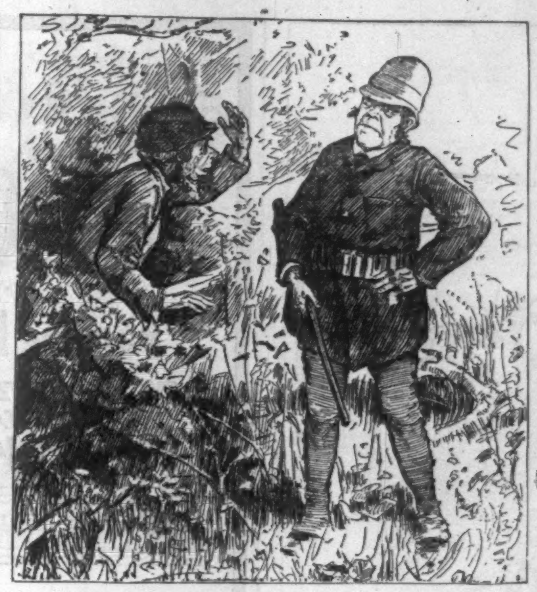

(Mr. Hunter, catching a glimpse of Native's cap above the under-brush, fires at it under the impression that it is a 'coon.)

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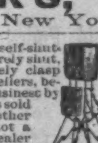

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